

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1086. JUNE 1956

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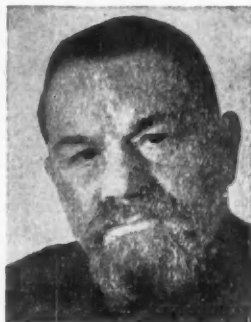
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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

LOSS AND GAIN

THE Western democracies seem to be floundering from crisis to crisis, and hardly a day passes without some new political or economic difficulty becoming apparent. This is as true of the big countries as it is of the small ones. Even the great and mighty U.S.A. is suffering from many a headache, and the fact that it is in a better position to afford these does not in any way minimize their importance. There is the perennial question, for instance, of what to do about farming subsidies and surpluses. Then there is the fundamental problem of whether permanent prosperity can be secured through permanent inflation. And the extremely complex issue of race relations has now entered into a new explosive phase on both sides of the barricade. Moreover, America is in the midst of an election campaign which partly paralyzes her normal functioning as leader of the Western world and partly distorts everything she says or does, since most of her words and actions are dictated by pre-electoral considerations.

Europe's two leading powers, Great Britain and France, are up to their eyes not only with war or guerilla warfare in some of their essential overseas possessions but also with serious domestic troubles of every kind. Surprisingly enough, so far the French economy has remained fairly strong in an atmosphere of political tension and government instability. In Great Britain, on the other hand, where the government is firmly in the saddle, the economy is out of gear. It is not very likely that the remedies proposed by Mr. Harold Macmillan will do much to set matters right. In Western Germany Chancellor Adenauer's position is no longer as unshakeable as it used to be, and the "economic miracle" is now by no means as impressive as it appeared only a year or two ago. In Italy, despite economic recovery, the political situation remains explosive. On June 13th Holland is having general elections. No country has a prouder record of post-war reconstruction and expansion, and until recently the Dutch have known how to run their labour relations in model fashion. But of late a certain social and political tension has set in which makes the election prospects rather confused. The Danes—normally a sensible, friendly and well balanced people—have just gone through a series of strikes of unprecedented bitterness and surprisingly enough the communists suddenly emerged as a dangerous political force. Now Iceland (with a population of only 150,000), a charter member of NATO, but with nothing to offer except space constituting a vital allied base, suddenly wants to get rid of the Americans.

The very NATO idea, as well as the organisation itself, is faced with a lot of threats. The whole of its East Mediterranean strategy is affected by the clash between Great Britain and Greece over Cyprus. And, despite the success of Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld's mission, there is the possibility of war between the Arab states and Israel breaking out almost any moment, the present tension being dangerous enough even without the further expansion of open hostilities. The greater part of France's armed forces has had to be moved, with NATO's consent, from Europe to North Africa. It is by no means certain how much longer British armed forces will remain in Western Germany since, like the French, they may be needed elsewhere—quite apart from the as yet unresolved question of Germany's refusal to pay

for them in the future. The Federal Republic, which not so very long ago was eagerly demanding protection, is neither willing to foot the bill any more nor in any particular hurry to create an army of its own. Most of the NATO countries are feeling increasingly uneasy about the heavy burden of defence expenditure, so that Soviet propaganda about "peaceful co-existence" and disarmament is certainly not falling on deaf ears. At the ministerial conference held in Paris in May everybody agreed that the international situation has changed and that in the words of Mr. Lester Pearson "NATO cannot live on fear alone." Unable to determine what exactly the new economic and social activities of the organization should be, the members appointed "three wise men" to work out a plan. Considering how many national and international bodies are already operating in the field of economic aid and co-operation, it is hard to see what these three able politicians can propose that would be both practical and constructive or new.

One thing, however, is certain. There will be many further conferences and plenty of travel. In fact it is surprising that some of the more facetious members—there are some—did not propose the setting up of a travel agency. The world seems to be afflicted by a travelling epidemic at the present moment which takes heads of state, cabinet ministers and every conceivable variety of experts from one end of the globe to the other—without any discoverable reason. Nor should all the "good will" missions be forgotten which range from groups of parliamentarians or technicians to manequins and film starlets. To paraphrase a famous dictum, "seldom was so little achieved by so many at so heavy an expense for the taxpayer." Indeed, the results of this new brand of peripatetic diplomacy are hard to see. What has been the purpose of all these unending visits to Mr. Nehru or to Colonel Nasser or to Marshal Tito or to Moscow or to most of the Asiatic capitals? And what do the democracies expect to achieve through social intercourse with some of their worst enemies?

The argument has been put forward that it was "good for the Russians" to see Britain, and that "B. and K." were given a useful lesson by the Labour Party. This is a foolish argument because it presupposes that the men in Moscow attach the slightest importance to the rules of Western conduct or to moral principles. What matters to them is power, both at home and abroad, and the corollary to this as a permanent objective is the weakening of their enemies by every available means. Creating the maximum of confusion has proved a useful weapon in this game; so has the alternating use of "sweet reasonableness," threats and brute force. Whether their London visit was good for "B. and K." in the sense that it taught them something about the virtues of British democracy is more than doubtful. But that it was extremely useful to them in a variety of ways there can be no doubt at all. The Soviet press presented it as a triumph, and it seems that something is going on in Russia which makes this "triumph" necessary to the men in the Kremlin.

The de-Stalinization in Russia and in the satellite countries, followed as it has been by the rehabilitation of a number of purged communists—mostly dead—must be dictated by considerations of domestic policy which are overwhelming. Killing the Stalin myth is too great a risk for Russia's rulers to have taken merely as a strategic move to confound the West.

Nobody really knows what is going on in the USSR. But so far liquidation of the "Stalinist dictatorship," which is being conducted with purely Stalinist techniques, has changed nothing in the Bolshevik system of government which continues to be based on terrorism, imprisonment and assassination—despite the new form of "collective dictatorship." The whole business has put the leaders of Western communism in a position of still more ridiculous abject subservience to everything Moscow says and does than their earlier grovelling before that "unique genius" and "father of the people," Stalin.

Moscow has announced the dissolution of the Cominform and is emphasizing its desire for better "cultural" and other relations with the West. While talking friendship to the Western governments, the Soviets are actively agitating against them throughout the world—not only in Asia and Africa but even in Denmark or France or Italy, for example. Again, while talking peace, Moscow is openly arming the Egyptians and through them the rest of the Arab world for a struggle primarily directed against Great Britain and France in which the tiny state of Israel is merely a detail, an important one, but nevertheless a detail. There is no Israel issue involved in Great Britain's troubles with Cyprus, or in France's rapidly developing war in North Africa. Yet the French are struggling for survival over Algeria, and the British—with or without Archbishop Makarios—may before long have to fight a far bigger battle over Cyprus than Sir Anthony Eden has indicated so far. In defending his policy he observed that Cyprus was Britain's last vital base. But it does not seem to be a very safe one if it is possible for the Cypriots to put a bomb in the Governor General's bed; with equal ease they can sabotage or destroy airfields as well as vital equipment and their terrorist activities are increasing. According to a recent report in the *Times* headed "Political Clouds over Eastern Bases" there are rumblings in Singapore as well as in many other parts of the Empire, while "Mau-Mau" seems to continue as before. Yet all this has nothing to do with Israel.

Since the beginning of this year three African countries have forced on their former protectors recognition of their national independence: Sudan, Morocco and Tunisia. Nor are they fully satisfied with this; indeed, their claims and appetites are growing even faster than the difficulties of Great Britain and France. The dismissal of Glubb Pasha by the King of Jordan was a blow which London has tried to play down. But the fact that the British government did not immediately withdraw the other officers, or cancel the subsidy, only serves to emphasize Britain's weakness. The argument that "others" might provide the officers or the money or both is thoroughly unconvincing. Does anybody think that the Jordanians or the Egyptians will refrain from accepting the help of "others" simply because the West is so eager to continue throwing good money after bad? This threat of "others" was also used as an argument when the World Bank rushed in to offer two hundred million dollars to the Egyptians for the Aswan Dam project. Part of the bank's money is British and French. Why London and Paris did not choose to veto this proposed financing of the Egyptians, who are known to be the chief instigators of the Arab movement to oust Britain and France from the whole territory stretching from Morocco to Syria, is quite incomprehensible.

Overestimating Soviet Russia is as dangerous as underestimating her. On the eve of the Geneva Conference last year, Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, declared that Moscow was on the verge of economic collapse. He has repeatedly stated this view in the course of the last twelve months. Yet, all of a sudden the Western Allies get jittery over Moscow's scientific progress, or its jet plane which everybody could see in London, or again over Moscow's role as an economic competitor. That the Russians are nowhere near collapse, but that their strength has grown immeasurably in recent years, and that they are able people, requires no demonstration. Nevertheless, it is not very likely that they can simultaneously develop their own economy under the new Five Year Plan, provide China with both arms and consumer goods, erect steel mills in India, and build the Aswan Dam. If their power is so great that they can do all that as well as plenty more (e.g., substantial credits to Tito and to Latin America, the offer of huge purchases from Great Britain, etc.), then surely the British subsidy to Jordan or the World Bank's loan to Egypt are very feeble counter-measures to save the world from such a superior enemy.

If the West really wants to survive it should think of something more immediate and more practical. For instance, it should stop the suicidal rivalry which undeniably now exists in the Middle and Near East between the U.S.A. and her two principal allies, and which until quite recently prevailed in these regions between Great Britain and France. The time when one white power could secure some advantages in the world at the expense of another or a group of others is gone—except when this power happens to be the USSR. No nation, whatever its colour, wishes any longer to be dominated by any other—however beneficial this domination may have been in the past and however much the stupidly abused colonial powers may have done with better results and a considerably smaller cost than is being done by the various "technical aid" organizations now. Despite all the talk about "integration," "federation," and the "brotherhood of men," nationalism is a most virulent force in this mid-twentieth century. Paradoxically enough the very same left wing politicians and intellectuals who attack nationalism at home actively support it when it is directed against their own countries; and they never bother to explain why it is wrong, in their view, to be pro-British or pro-French or pro-Dutch, but apparently most noble to be pro-Cypriot or pro-Moroccan or pro-Indonesian. And it is nothing but a cynical farce when Moscow, which is guilty of the worst form of colonialism the world has ever known, namely, the subjugation of several ancient white nations in the very heart of Europe and the creation of a soviet empire, condemns the colonialism of the Western democracies.

That the Soviets, who use with consummate adroitness the nationalist and anti-colonialist feelings of Asiatics and others, should be doing this is bad enough; but at least it is understandable. What is hard to take, however, is when some Americans, responding to a noble but a naive, ill-informed and obsolete objection to "colonialism" as such, deliberately weaken their European friends and allies by siding with their enemies. It is indeed a tragedy for the West that in recent years the Atlantic Alliance has been deteriorating, and it would be neither possible nor wise to try to pin responsibility for this on any single country or on any individual men.

Perhaps the sense of danger is no longer so acute as it used to be, or perhaps the capacity, both for clear thinking and for self-control—on both sides of the Atlantic—has become somewhat reduced by an accumulation of domestic problems and worries. This may also be one of the reasons why the democracies today react so feebly, or not at all, to the new difficulties and dangers afflicting them. In most European countries the private citizens are too absorbed by their personal affairs to have any time or energy left for thinking of international relations or domestic and world-wide economic issues. Though social security is being lavished on them in a measure beyond belief, the more they get the less secure they feel. Paid holidays, increased facilities of every kind, higher pay for less work, and at the same time the constant drain on any family budget by what are no longer considered the luxuries but the necessities of life—here are some of the headaches that most Europeans feel far more keenly about than colonial problems, inflation, and, in the last resort, perhaps war for survival. Despite their amazing prosperity, this is also largely true of the Americans. The role of world leadership has been thrust on a nation that never wanted it and feels highly embarrassed by it. The U.S.A. is full of good intentions, it is naturally irked by its failures as well as by European ingratitude, and it is groping in the dark for new ideas just as much as its weaker allies. The real danger today is not that the Soviets are so strong—there is no doubt that they, too, have serious troubles—but that the Western world seems to mistake talk about unity for unity itself and that it has largely lost its capacity for timely, intelligent and imaginative action.

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.

A VISIT TO ISRAEL

LAST January I visited Israel and some of the neighbouring Arab countries for the first time and was able to get at least a glimpse of the problems which abound there. Many readers of the *Contemporary Review* are I know experts on this part of the world, and quite obviously this article cannot pretend to any expert knowledge, but is simply the impression created after a visit of a few short weeks. The three biggest problems that face Israel today are, first of all the question of survival in a part of the world that is predominantly Arab; secondly, that of how to absorb the vast number of immigrants who have arrived in the country during the past nine years; and, thirdly, the problem of how to improve the very large percentage of the country which is still desert.

It was not until I visited a Kibbutz on the frontier that I realised to the full the danger that Israel is in every day. In this, and indeed other Kibbutzin, the members take it in turn to go on guard duty at night. When the day's work is finished those whose turn it is and they may be either men or women—take their rifles and spend the night watching out for Arab raiders who may slip across. It is true, of course, that the Arabs themselves keep watch on Jewish immigrants, but the overwhelming number of those crossing over, cross from the Arab to the Israeli side. Apart from this, however, I saw remarkably few signs of Israel being on a war footing though, of course, as everyone knows, she has a very efficient army. As soon as I got on the Arab side, however, I realised to the full the constant

danger that there is of the outbreak of war. What struck one in Lebanon, Syria and Jordan was the intractability of Arab thought. I myself do not agree that the 1947 line should be adopted since, in fact, the Arabs themselves violated it, and it is only because of this violation that they were eventually driven some way back from it. But very many Arabs think that this line is, in fact, the right one. When I asked them, however, whether they would agree to a final settlement if they were given the 1947 line, their reply was almost invariably that there can be no finality while the State of Israel exists. One gathered that if they were given the 1947 line, they would still continue what would amount to economic sanctions against Israel. This attitude was far more pronounced in Syria, Jordan and Lebanon than it was in Egypt, where I found a rather more reasonable approach which did envisage a permanent settlement of some kind with the establishment of normal diplomatic and economic relations though with drastic frontier changes. Fortunately, the tension seems to be rather less since Mr. Hammarskjöld's visit, but I fear that the fundamental problems do not seem any nearer solution.

It is not, however, mainly of foreign policy, but of Israeli internal development, that I want to write. I stated earlier that there were three great problems facing the country, of which the first was the external threat. Let us come now to the second problem, that of absorbing such a vast number of immigrants. Imagine first a country that has only been free for eight years, and then pour into it 771,000 immigrants from every part of the world. Finally imagine that each one of them is filled with a burning desire not only to succeed himself but to help his new home to succeed. The American immigration problem is not to be compared with it. In America they have a vast country, and have taken very many years to absorb their immigrants. Israel has, of course, one great advantage over America—which has also had to create a nation—for though all the immigrants come from so many different countries and speak so many different languages, they have at least one common Jewish origin. But this is the only advantage, and the task must be quite staggering.

Among all the immigrants, the Jews from the Yemen are perhaps the strangest. One day it was decided to bring to Israel all the Jews in the Yemen who wanted to come. There were many thousands there, and they had lived there for hundreds of years—the Yemeni Jews of today living just as their ancestors had lived. As soon as word went round that they could come "back to Israel" everyone wanted to come. And so began the great air lift "Operation Magic Carpet." They came in Skymasters—a hundred and forty in each plane—and they treated the whole affair quite naturally, just as if they had come in a horse and cart. One party treated it so naturally that there was nearly a disaster. The wireless operator just thought he would have a look through the window and see what they were doing. What was his horror when he found they had lit a fire in the middle of the floor, and were busy cooking their dinner. When he rushed in to put it out they were most indignant and could not understand what was the trouble. The Yemeni have naturally not been easy to assimilate. They have absolutely no ideas of working together, and cannot imagine any sort of communal living. In the camps they came to at first hundreds of fires could be seen every evening, for each family cooked its own food separately.

One day two four-year old Yemeni children disappeared from a camp. Police were called and the whole countryside was searched. Towards evening someone went into their room, and eventually found each child asleep *under* its bed—which it looked on apparently as a kind of tent.

These are one extreme—at the other you have English and American scientists and doctors, who have come not because they have been persecuted, but simply because they wanted to help in re-building their own country. In between you have every sort and kind of immigrant, speaking a whole variety of languages. Some came in the early part of this century, but the great majority have come since 1947, in only nine years.

When they first come most of them are put into camps till they can be settled. I passed by one and stopped to have a look at it. The people lived in huts, with no drainage and no lighting, other than oil lamps, and, of course, no streets and scarcely any trees—just huts put up on a bleak hillside. I went to the local Co-Op. The manager had come from Morocco, as indeed had several other people there, and they all talked French. I asked if they thought it was worth while coming all this way to live in such squalor. "I'd go back to Morocco, if I had a big house there," said one woman, but she obviously did not have one and seemed quite cheerful anyhow. Many of them were, I was told, due to be moved before long to a settlement being built nearby.

I did not go to this particular settlement, but I went to a most remarkable one at Lachisch (the King of Lachisch is mentioned in the Old Testament). This settlement is in process of being built, under the management of a very energetic Czech Jew. When completed it will have twenty villages, each with 2,500 inhabitants, of one nationality. There will be a shopping centre for each group of five, and here all nationalities in that group will mix. There are already Kurds, Tunisians and French and Spanish Moroccans in one 'B' area, while in another there are Rumanians, Hungarians, Czechs, Kurds, Poles and Iraqis. Finally there will be a grand centre for the whole Community, where they will have their concert hall, theatre, cinemas, library and Municipal Offices. This is something in which Ben Gurion himself takes a particular interest, and his eyes lit up when I told him I had been there. These are just a few pictures of the infinite variety of immigrants who go to Israel. The problem of settling them is an immense one, but it is being carried out with all the enthusiasm and efficiency that the Israelis are showing in the development of their country.

If all these immigrants and those who still want to go are to have a high economic standard and are to be settled, the country has got to produce far more than it does at present. The only way in which this can be done is by vast irrigation schemes, since more than half the State of Israel is still desert. I had not been more than two days in Israel before I was brought up vividly against this problem. "We must go," my guide said, "and see a Pipe Factory." "But I don't particularly want to see a Pipe Factory," I replied. "Ah, but this one is different," he said, "it makes the pipes that will take the water to the Negev Desert. For us it is not just a factory but a symbol, for with these pipes we will reclaim vast areas of land, and actually double the size of habitable land in Israel." I found the factory very different from the Tube Works I know in my own Constituency of West Bromwich. Scarcely any of it had a roof overhead—you do not need

a roof for it hardly ever rains. The workers were of every possible variety, I remember, in particular, one old Yemeni with a long beard twisted round his ears, a man who had probably never seen a factory until he arrived there to start work. One third of the factory was owned by a private firm, one third by the Government, and one third by the Trade Unions, a very common combination in Israeli enterprises today. Incidentally, minimum wages were 25/- a day.

Ever since the first settlers began to arrive fifty years or so ago, the Jews have been determined to reclaim the desert. Dr. Weitzman, the great pioneer of Zionism, and the first President of Israel, told General Allenby that he wanted to live in the place which is now the Weitzman Centre. Allenby asked him why he chose to make his home in a desert. "I can see it all green," was his answer, and today it is as he saw it. The first great irrigation scheme, the Yarkon-Negev project, was completed in June last year. A pipeline sixty-five miles long has taken the waters of the river Yarkon, just north of Tel Aviv, to irrigate land as far south as Beersheba. When settlement is complete there will be some thirty new villages with 35,000 people settled on land that was a wilderness till last year. But this is only a beginning. What they want to do next is to carry some of the waters of the Jordan down to the great Negev desert, which is larger than all the rest of Israel put together. But there they come up against a major political problem. The river Jordan is the boundary between Israel, Syria and Jordan. A plan for joint use of the Jordan river to irrigate both Israel and the Arab countries, known as the Johnston plan, has been worked out by the Americans, but so far the Arab States have refused to take part in it. They claim that they have a rival plan, by which each country would run its own scheme, and that this would actually give Israel more water. Prime Minister Ben Gurion has stated that though the Jews have already gone well ahead with all the preliminaries on their side, they will refrain, for the present at any rate, from beginning work on the no-man's land between Israel and the Arab States where the Jordan rises. But if this scheme, or some other one, cannot be carried out, and the waters of the Jordan used to irrigate the Negev, it will be a terrible tragedy for Israel, and not only for Israel, since there are many square miles of irrigable land on the Arab side which could give homes to thousands of Arab refugees now living a hopeless life in the U.N.W.R.A. camps.

The Negev has not always been desert. I talked to Professor Lowdermilk, the great authority on soil erosion, and he told me that the Nabateans, who built Petra, had irrigated the Negev, and that when the Romans conquered them they continued to develop the desert. From 200 B.C. to somewhere around 500 A.D. there were great cities, some even with cathedrals in them, where today there is not a sign of life. If it can once more be irrigated the chemicals in the Negev would produce wonderful soil. Fortunately, the Johnston scheme is not the only one that could make the Negev fertile, though it is far the best. As in many other deserts, the water sometimes comes down from the hillside in such torrents that through erosion it makes the land even worse than before—if that were possible. The problem is how to catch these sudden torrents and direct them so that they can be used to irrigate the desert instead of eroding it still further. They are experimenting now to see what can be done, but it is

a very difficult problem. I saw myself, in the waste land around Sodom, what havoc had been done by the torrents that tear down the hills towards the Dead Sea. There must be millions of gallons lost in this way, water which could, if it were used, make even Sodom into a fertile land. Israel has already made much progress in irrigation, but there remains much more still to be done, and when the work is completed the area of inhabited country will be more than double. If only peace could be established between Israel and the Arab countries, the experience which Israel has gained in this field should be of enormous advantage to all the Arab countries.

JOHN DUGDALE.

STALIN: THE CHINESE VERDICT

IT was to be expected that there would be no hasty, publicly-expressed Chinese reaction to the denunciation of Stalin and of "the cult of personality" by the 20th Congress of the Russian Communist party and that the Chinese Communists would take especial care in presenting and interpreting the new line to the Chinese people. No veneration of Stalin was allowed to obscure or diminish loyalty to Chairman Mao as leader and Father of the Chinese people, but the Russian leader had become almost a deity in the People's Republic as in the Soviet Union. Frequently as we travelled round China last Autumn we saw Stalin's portrait displayed and often coupled with the portrait of Mao in airport lounges and other public places. How was the shock of the de-sanctification of Stalin to be tempered to the Chinese people? How was the almost inexplicable to be explained? Above all how was the story to be told and the dethronement justified without seeming to raise doubts about individual leadership and the cult of personality in China itself? Could their own Mao conceivably also have feet of clay?

After weeks of intensive discussion in the political bureau of the Chinese Communist Party, the correct reaction to the findings of the Soviet Party Congress has been laid down in a five-thousand word statement "presented" by the editorial department of the *People's Daily*—the chief newspaper of the new China—and published in that paper on April 4th under the massive title: "On Historical Experience Concerning the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." It makes fascinating, if somewhat laborious, reading and is significant for the light it throws not only on the Chinese reaction to the events which occasioned it but on their attitude to their own record and the admitted "mistakes" in the history of Communism in China itself. For the most part, the comparable statements made by the Communist governments of Eastern Europe have moderated somewhat the original condemnations of Stalin and sought to restore perspective by emphasising the positive contributions which Stalin made to the development and progress of the Soviet Union and the "world-wide building of Socialism." The process is carried markedly further by the Chinese Communists. A good deal more is credited to Stalin than the Russians have so far allowed him since the denunciation and in the main his "errors" are represented as later aberrations which must not be allowed to dim the lustre of "a great Marxist-Leninist." In "creatively applying and developing Marxist-Leninism," in defending Leninism against its enemies, Stalin expressed the will and wishes of the people and proved himself "an outstanding champion of Marxist-Leninism." He won "the support of the

Soviet people and played an important historic role" because of his leadership in the triumph of Socialism in the Soviet Union and in the Soviet victory over Hitler. Among the achievements of the Soviet Communist Party are "the indelible achievements of Stalin" himself. "Therefore, at the same time the name of Stalin enjoyed high honour throughout the world."

But this is not the moment—even if such a moment is ever to be contemplated—for blazoning forth any differences between the two Communist parties. China today is too heavily dependent on the economic and military aid of the Soviet Union for declarations of independence. The Soviet criticisms of Stalin are faithfully echoed and repeated, even if in terms rather more carefully chosen than those used by the Russians themselves. Because of his failure to "keep close to the masses," to make "constant criticism and self-criticism appropriate to the situation," Stalin made "certain serious mistakes in his work in the latter part of his life . . . he became conceited and not circumspect. His thinking was subjective and one-sided and he made erroneous decisions on certain important questions bringing about serious, harmful consequences. . . . He indulged in the cult of the individual in violation of the Party's system of democratic centralism and the system of combining collective leadership with individual responsibility." So there followed "important mistakes": for example, "excess in eliminating counter revolutionaries"—what masters of euphemism the Communists are!—"lack of necessary vigilance on the eve of the anti-fascist war and erroneous leadership on the question of Yugoslavia." And after he had won "high prestige among the people . . . he indulged in inordinate exultation of his own rule. . . ." Even so the crisis is turned to good account as a demonstration of the inherent superiority of the Communist system over all other systems. How resilient the Communists are! Has any governing political party "in the service of the exploiting classes" or "in contemporary capitalist states," asks the statement, ever dared to expose and confess its errors boldly and conscientiously in this way? The "courageous self-criticism" of the Soviet Communists demonstrates "the highly-principled character of inner-Party life and the great vitality of Marxist-Leninism." But in any case has any leading Marxist ever said that Communists could never make mistakes? Is it conceivable, says the statement, that the first state "to practise the dictatorship of the proletariat" could do so "without committing errors of this or that sort?" All the exploiting classes of the past have made "historical" mistakes which eventually brought about—and must bring about—their destruction. The dictatorship of the proletariat which is the dictatorship of the exploited classes, of course makes its mistakes too, but it is "the most progressive and the final dictatorship in history." It is "far superior" despite its mistakes, to "all the systems of dictatorship by the exploiting classes." It will not be destroyed by its errors though it must and will learn from them.

As for "the cult of personality," the Chinese Communists, conscious of the need to support Chairman Mao, are at pains to distinguish between valid and invalid "leadership." The people need outstanding personalities who can stand in the forefront of the struggle to lead them. "To deny the role of the individual, the role of vanguards and leaders, is completely wrong." The trouble comes when a leader alienates himself from the masses, makes in consequence wrong decisions and fails to draw the appropriate lessons from

particular mistakes. But the *cult* of the individual is another matter—"a putrid carry-over from the long history of mankind." It is a social phenomenon; it is "the paternalism of the small producer economy." It is a reflection of the contradictions that can and do exist even in a socialist society; contradictions for example, between "progress and conservatism," between "idealism and materialism." "Even in a Communist society," say the Chinese dialecticians in an uncommon access of realism and frankness, "not everybody will necessarily be perfect since people will still have contradictions within themselves." So tension between the individual and the collective in a socialist society "is nothing strange." It is only grave if a leader "isolates himself from collective leadership, from the masses of the people and from real life." This was Stalin's error.

So far, one gathers, it is not Mao's error. The Chinese Communists, we are told, have "waged continuous struggle in the revolutionary ranks against elevating the individual above the masses and against individual heroism." As long ago as June, 1943, the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party laid it down that "correct leadership can only be developed on the principle of 'from the masses to the masses.'" This method of leadership, we are told, is popularly described within the Party as "the mass line" and in the present statement all and sundry are warned that failure to use "the mass line method of leadership" can encourage "leading personnel of the party and State to take arbitrary action, to alienate themselves from the masses, to practise commandism in violation of Party and State democracy" and, it is inferred, to invite the ultimate denunciation that has befallen Stalin. How real or near a danger this is or has been for the current Communist leadership of China it is difficult if not impossible, for the outsider to say. It is generally agreed that the leadership in Chinese Communism, certainly since the establishment of the People's Republic, has been more truly and consistently collective in character than the leadership in the Soviet Union. It is difficult to conceive of Mao as a Stalin or of his committing the individual excesses formerly attributed to Stalin by the non-Communist world and now confirmed by his own side. But it would be surprising if the astute quartette which heads or forms the collective leadership of the People's Republic did not regard the retrospective decline and fall of Stalin with uncommon interest. The eclipse of Stalin makes Mao by far the brightest star in the Soviet firmament—the unrivalled chief figure of world Communism. Does he become more susceptible to the cult of personality and personal adulation? If the leadership under Communism is truly collective, who or what is to provide the scapegoat for its inevitable failures and disappointments? The dead Stalin has been a convenience to say the least, to the living bosses of the Soviet Union.

The statement published in the *People's Daily* is notable also for an incidental comment on the new Communist tactic, enunciated by Krushchev at the Russian Soviet Party Congress, of recognising that there can be "different roads to Socialism" and of encouraging Western Socialist parties and others to think again about united fronts with the Communists. Affirming that much in the writings of Stalin remains valid and must still be seriously studied, the Chinese Communists warn against the "dogmatic" treatment of Stalin's works which fails to "analyse what is correct and what is incorrect." The instance given is Stalin's formula that for Communists

"the direction of the main blow" must be to "isolate the middle-of-the-road social and political forces of the period." This, say the Chinese, may have been appropriate in some circumstances in the past; it is not appropriate now. The main enemy should receive the main blow and the main enemy is capitalism and feudalism. Towards the middle-of-the-road forces, say the Chinese Communists in an illuminating formulation, "we should adopt the policy of both uniting with them *and struggling against them*, at least to neutralise them, making efforts when circumstances permit, to change them from a position of neutrality to one of alliance with us in order to help the development of the revolution." (The italics are mine). Could honesty go further? It is little wonder that the Bureau of the Socialist International at its recent London meeting uncompromisingly rejected co-operation with Communist parties, though they declared their readiness to co-operate with Communist governments to achieve "the peaceful settlement of disputed issues."

In one respect the Chinese reaction to the denunciation of Stalin differs significantly from the reaction in some at least of the Eastern European countries and in the Soviet Union itself. At least at present there is to be no rehabilitation of former personalities who were discredited and purged. It is admitted that "serious mistakes" have been made in the history of the Chinese Communist Party but they are to be clearly identified by the "deviations" of Li Li-San, Wang Ming and Chang Kuo-tao in the earlier period and of Kao Kang and Shu-shih since the foundation of the People's Republic. These "leftist or rightist opportunists" were unmasked and confounded, not by the dead Stalin but by Chairman Mao who is still alive. They can hardly expect absolution until—if ever—Mao himself becomes a scapegoat. Their time is certainly not yet.

GERALD BAILEY.

ECLIPSE OF THE NOVEL

IS it true that the novel is finished? I do not think so. When Defoe began lying with a pen which he had previously used for recording facts and rumours, and when Richardson, after writing real love-letters for illiterate girls, extended this particular craft, a public eagerly awaited stories having the charm of gossip about their neighbours. The gossip, as is the British way, concerned itself with sin or the risk of sin; and the course was set for two centuries of the English novel.

Fielding did not gossip. He invented, at ease, fine coarse healthy books which bring us, still alive, the normal behaviours of the eighteenth century. He told stories, and created genial characters, because he thought life comic and enjoyable. Smollett, following him, thought it, though not enjoyable, equally comic; and told stories which he animated by savage grotesques. Both depicted a free and largely rural society.

With the industrial revolution, England changed. Cities became overcrowded. Successful manufacturers and traders formed new classes. Dickens, an urban novelist who had lived among the very poor, took his more literary inspiration from Smollett, and made the grotesques delightful. Thackeray's more genteel taste, experience, and feminine humour revolted from Smollett. He translated Fielding, instead, into Victorian terms.

There are things we do and know perfectly well in *Vanity Fair*, he wrote, though we never speak of them; . . . and a polite public will no more bear to read an authentic description of vice than a truly refined English or American female will permit the word "breeches" to be pronounced in her hearing. . . . It has been the wish of the present writer, all through this story, deferentially to submit to the fashion at present prevailing, and only to hint at the existence of wickedness, in a light, easy, and agreeable manner.

This statement of Thackeray's practice has led those who have not read the Victorian novelists to believe them squeamish. They were nothing of the kind. They portrayed the world they lived in. They exposed hypocrites and libertines. They refrained from using the words which little boys have always chalked upon walls. And since, in their world, young women were considered worth winning and keeping as moral treasures, they extolled chastity, and continued, as Richardson had done in *Pamela*, to reward successful virtue with a wedding ring.

In panoramically representing Victorian life, and preaching its simple, unsophisticated morals, such novelists improvised their stories, so that parts of them were always greater than the whole. The habit caused Ford Madox Hueffer to say that these stories were not novels, as were the masterpieces of Turgenev and Flaubert, but "nuvvies." They lacked Art; and "Art," cried Henry James, was "dignity and memory and measure . . . conscience and proportion and taste, not to mention strong sense too." It was something the English, outside the demure pages of Jane Austen, had never produced.

Two other Victorian novelists, considered giants in my young day, degraded by a later generation, but perhaps destined for revival in time to come, had attempted something in the novel which brought it almost to the pitch of Elizabethan comedy and tragedy. Both, in essence, were poets; in both there were elements—in Meredith of meretricious ornament, in Hardy of naïveté towards the well born—of less than the finest order; but their original conceptions were grand, and they fell, if they fell, nobly. In their hands the novel reached a glory of dramatic continuity which few writers have since attempted.

Before Meredith and Hardy died, the critical current had changed. We were in the midst of another social revolution, as a result of which the old untamed individuality of men was giving place, through new scientific knowledge and universal education, to a uniformity hostile to poetry in the great style and, inevitably, to poetic tragedy in the novel. Instead of poetic tragedy we received from France the new doctrines of Naturalism and Art.

Henry James's notion of Art was form. Not the snob's social good form, but, with all conceivable subtlety, a drama confined within the narrow limits of an easel picture. He described the novel in terms of painting, with references to foreground, middle distance, and so on. To him, the tumultuous historical and psychological dramas of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, being unamenable to the easel, were nothing, he said in a letter to Hugh Walpole, but "fluid puddings." Only Flaubert and Turgenev, among novel-writers, had dignity and memory and measure; therefore Flaubert and Turgenev were the models whom all should follow.

When he came to write publicly and elaborately of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, James said nothing about fluid puddings; he used a new figure, this

time of life as an orange, which he accused these authors of squeezing, so that their books were full of unselected pulp, the raw material of novels rather than novels as they should be written. They lacked proportion; they interested him, against his will and his judgment, by sheer mass and variety of detail.

Bennett had learnt a great deal from Balzac and Zola and their Irish representative, George Moore; but in his best work, the tales of the Five Towns, he wanted to show human beings growing, maturing, and in the end reaching the limits of possible growth or dying. He was haunted by the conception of life as a journey past milestones into oblivion.

The only novelist Wells had read with attention was Charles Dickens; and, remembering always that as the son of an unsuccessful shopkeeper and a domestic servant he had been forced to touch his cap to the gentry, he was the friend of the little man who took to his heels to escape the humdrum, and found himself in the great world of boom and chicane. He was not interested, as Bennett was, in the patient demonstration of growth; he wanted short cuts to a scientific Utopia, and strove to change men's social and political ideas.

Bennett and Wells united with Bernard Shaw in affecting the next generation of writers—especially the novelists among them. Galsworthy, whose preoccupation was with justice, produced no considerable imitators; but Wells, picturing with fun or seriousness the little man or the ambitious man amid trade or politics, and Bennett, picturing with benign humour the ordinary man fighting his own limitations, impressed their hour. Little men and ordinary men were everywhere, not yet reduced to digits in an economist's demonstration or a fighting machine's need of man-power, but becoming aware of wider horizons and reaching out towards them.

Nearly all Bennett's and Wells's literary juniors wrote between 1908 and 1916 pseudo-autobiographical novels in the style of *Tono-Bungay* or *Clayhanger*. They forsook the large tragic themes of Elizabethan dramatists and of Meredith and Hardy; they disregarded the comprehensive social pictures of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and Anthony Trollope, in which the authors, having first observed, invented fables to carry their observation; and they turned within.

It can be said that before the coming of realism the invented tale had trickled almost to a standstill, and that novels of ideas and milestones were a necessity of the time; but fictional autobiography was much too easy. It relied upon memory rather than the imagination. Moreover, when a new intellectual group, the members of which had almost every mental quality except that of imagination (the power to put oneself into the minds and hearts of other people, as Shakespeare did), moved into literary prominence after the 1914-18 war, it had no difficulty in establishing a fallacy.

This fallacy was that wit, or the rapid play of superficial thought, had value beyond anything offered by pre-Georgian writers. Sympathy, compassion, even benevolent interest in the lives of others, were dismissed as sentimentality. Novelists who imagined fictitious characters and told stories about them in which, for the time being, they were allowed heroic qualities were derided as "mere story-tellers." What mattered was ironic penetration of what is now called the *persona* of every homunculus, and the demonstration, the exploration, of the writers' own minds, sensations, and mockeries.

Now the weakness of this exploration, it seems to me, was that like the

pseudo-autobiography it could not make any constructive progress. When one has subjectively explored oneself two or three times, however brilliantly and subtly the job may be done, repetition is the only possible sequel. One cannot, as the traditional novelist always did, move to other scenes and problems, or draw nourishment from the external world: the external world, to the egocentric, exists only as material for quizzical and destructive scorn, or as audience.

Nevertheless, the condemnation of "mere story-telling" remains with us as a legacy from the years of contempt. It is hard to find among those who have been to the older English Universities any cordial appreciation of Fielding, Dickens, Hardy, Meredith, Wells, and Bennett, the innovating novelists who based their work upon a world external to themselves and, in their several manners, invented amusing, profound, tragic, and imaginative lies about it. Of the older generation only Somerset Maugham seems really to have captured the enthusiasm of the young. He has done this by means of his tremendous narrative gift and his nihilism.

Maugham has been neither an introspective writer nor a tragedian. He has cast his eye with relish rather upon the lies, futilities, and infidelities of men and women, and dry-pointed them so that all, from cynic to simpleton, can share his amusement. It is to Maugham's use of exotic backgrounds that we now owe the preference of a number of brilliant young men for everything in the world rather than normal English life.

Otherwise, our novelists tremble before a remarkable feature of the age, universal enthusiasm for technics, documentaries, and authentic stories of war conditions, airmen, and bizarre ocean crossings by raft or dinghy. They may attempt what is called *réportage*, in which a writer claims to be no more than a recording instrument; but in fact they are competing, when they do this, with news stories whose strangeness they cannot surpass. We have endured two terrible wars; ordinary heroism is stale; nobody believes any longer in giants or paladins; and experience of fighting or adventure in foreign parts has given pioneer youth a passion for the strange.

Another feature, common in current literature, has spread to the novel. It is that of the "line." Few biographies of famous men are now told as if the men were worthy of respect. Lytton Strachey having set an example by ridiculing eminent Victorians, all must belittle the dead. Either they were fogeys or they wrote or behaved as they did because of some disease or heredity or childish repression. Dickens was a manic-depressive, or a lecher who invaded hotel bedrooms in search of beauty. Thackeray was in love with his mother. Frederick the Great was not a land-hungry warrior, but the victim of parental tyranny or a duodenal ulcer. Anthony Trollope, hitherto extolled for decency and the *Barsetshire Novels*, was a bad brother or a greater novelist outside Barchester than within it. In the same way a novel presenting one man must deride him, or, if it shows a community, is trivial unless all in this community are repulsive. The most suspect quality in human beings is goodness; virtue can only be a cloak for secret depravity. When the abnormal is driven as hard as this, the books smell, if not of the laboratory, of something worse.

I have not spoken, hitherto, of the explanations usually given of the alleged decline in novel-reading; the cinema, radio, television, illiteracy, and so on. This is because television is most patronised by classes who were never great

readers; radio is found no bar to simultaneous reading; motion pictures which adapt books often carry the sales of those books to delicious heights. Illiteracy is another matter. It is the result, not of counter-attractions, but of educational incompetence or over-specialization. If you teach Physics, Engineering, Mathematics, and Grammar at the expense of general intelligence you gain extra-ordinary virtuosity in special subjects, but you atrophy the poetic and imaginative faculties.

Lastly, mass salesmanship has done much to destroy taste; and by forcing the public to acquire enormous numbers of certain books has caused an abysmal gap between best-sellers and non-best-sellers. The unlettered person with a six hundred page romance to absorb will not lay in a store of other novels, however much they are boosted.

Then is the novel really in eclipse? Are its sales as low as publishers assert? I do not think so. Publishers in England have short memories; and when books sell immoderately, as they do in times of war and shortage, it is at once assumed that the sales of scarcity are the norm. They are not; the conditions are topsy-turvy. During the last war, the streets in and between every city and town and village in England were pitch dark. The bookseller's shops, for the first time in history, were almost naked. A novel could run up to twenty-five, thirty, or fifty thousand copies in a few weeks. Above fifty thousand they menaced the publishers' rationed paper supply, and were frowned upon.

As paper, though still difficult, became a less agonizing problem, it began to go in the production of books about the war. The sales of novels slipped. They have continued to slip; and an outcry has arisen. But what does the slip mean? The Chief Librarian of a Public Library in the industrial north of England had the curiosity, twelve months ago, to ascertain how many copies of novels of my own were actually in circulation from his library on a representative day. I am not a popular novelist; but the number was sixty. He told me that the old Victorian story-tellers were in constant demand in his city, from Dickens to lesser lights. The copies of their books which could not be replaced were worn to tatters.

That is a small detail, important only because it is authentic. The patrons of this library are drawn from all classes of a community noted for its independence. They ignore the London sophisticates. Simultaneously, however, I am told in London that the great day of the novel is over, because we have no living Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, or John Galsworthy. Those authors were writers who appealed to all.

When was this? My informants forget, or do not know, that *Kipps*, Wells's first notable success, sold ten thousand copies in Britain in the first year of publication. In the year following, its total sales were 180 copies. *The Old Wives' Tale*, Arnold Bennett's first great success, sold between five and six thousand copies in Britain on its first publication. Previously, Bennett had not been earning an advance of seventy-five pounds. *A Man of Property*, Galsworthy's first great success, sold five thousand copies. Four years later Galsworthy lamented to his publishers the fact that they had sold only eight thousand copies of *The Patrician*. These, with Joseph Conrad, whose sales were about fifteen hundred copies, were the most publicized novelists of the Edwardian period.

The 1914-18 war gave two of them, Wells and Bennett, tremendous

popularity as journalists. They became public figures, emblems, it seemed, of literary success. Naturally, the sales of their novels rose, never in Bennett's case to best-selling heights, only once, in Wells's, to the hundred thousand of *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*.

Then the sales declined again. The so-called heyday of the novel was over. Will it have another heyday? Pessimists say "No." My guess is that if and when the world, perhaps through the liberalisation of Russia from within, recovers its poise, more human beings than ever will relish the novel's unique delights.

Its revival, if it revives, will not be along the lines of competition with the news or with news stories of adventure. It will not be documentary. It cannot go farther into destructive egotism than it has gone of late. Indeed, I think most of the forms it has used hitherto are worn out. What is not worn out is the kind of novel which Meredith and Hardy tried to write, the poetic tragedy in prose. To be on the great plane, however, and compare with the finest novels we know, it must be written for us all, not by clever people who are using all the dodges they can think of, but by men and women of creative poetic imagination who write as they do because the world has been newly born in their genius.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

GOLD COAST DEMOCRACY

"GOOD government," said Campbell-Bannerman, "is no substitute for self-government." This is one of those ringing phrases of

Liberalism which, to put it mildly, requires inspection. The classical political theory was that the first function of civil government was to maintain the public peace. At least we are entitled to ask: 'Whose self-government?' Is it to be that of a whole country (or maybe of an area) engaged in self-determination? Or of an individual engaged in the healthy arts of moral choice? Or does it spell the rights for majorities, under the name of 'self-government,' to tell a minority how they are going to be governed by other people? When many people are in the process of being fused into 'the people,' just what is a majority to be a majority of?

Just as Burma has been made up of a composite of countries and peoples, some of whom a cynic might hold hated each other like poison, so even the small Gold Coast (a name of alien origin, externally imposed in order to shape not a spirit but a machine for administration) is not a communal unity. The difference between the folk of the coast around Accra and those of the old Ashanti Kingdom around Kumasi is sharp, and is not solely one of feudal or egalitarian development. Mutual tossing of hand grenades argues little good for the common public spirit of an African Dominion to the success of which the eyes of all in Africa (with only people of Ethiopia and Liberia for comparison) will be turned. In part the issue which threatens this experiment is a sufficiently sordid one of cocoa and what Edmund Burke called "such other low concerns." Cocoa is the staple and chief source of wealth of the area. It is controlled and marketed by the Cocoa Purchasing Company, which was established in 1952 from capital provided by the Cocoa Marketing Board of which the members are the sole shareholders of the Company. The rub comes in the fact that the Directors of the Purchasing Company and members of the Marketing Board are also the leaders of Premier Kwame Nkrumah's party, the Convention People's

Party. Moreover, according to the critics of the Opposition, that is, the National Liberation Movement, on sworn evidence, a fine little Tammany Hall in embryo exists, under which money paid for cocoa on the accounts actually reaches the C.P.P. party treasury to provide propaganda funds, speakers vans, and the like. Indeed, in the very best tradition of mink coats, it is alleged that the Premier's £1,881 Cadillac saloon car was bought from funds lent by Mr. Djin, managing director of the company, and that the happily named Mr. Djin puts his family, friends and kin into key posts. These are allegations of which the complete investigation is not yet; but it may be suspected that the interest in them of the Ashanti politicians, including Mr. Joseph Appiah, is also of a political order.

In part this is an issue of the Ashanti chieftains' powers, in which the attitude of Mr. Nkrumah recalls that of that strong man of India, the late Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, who used to put up his feet on chairs while he laid down the law to Maharajas, or make them hasten after him on his dawn-time 'constitutionals' around urban squares. In part, however, it is a connected but more substantial matter of strong local feeling—so strong that some of Mr. Nkrumah's Members of Parliament dare not show their faces in their constituencies, which demand federal constitutional safeguards. And it is here that the shape of the new constitution requires scrutiny, if the day of independence with Dominion status is not also to be a day of riot and blood. Admittedly the able political leadership lies in other quarters, as it lay in Burma at Rangoon. But fighting power is another matter. In London the opinion seems to be that a strong democratic man in Accra can crush Kumasi at will. It would be interesting to know whether that opinion is correct.

It is not irrelevant to suggest that, in its general philosophy of Government, Whitehall has a centralist and non-federalist bias. The very real theoretical connection between federalism and democracy, as understood in the Anglo-Saxon world, is lost on it. It is true that in the shaping of the Commonwealth, opinion ran beyond federalism into the most dilute confederatism known, of which it may be truly said that a Dominion can be defined as an independent sovereign state, subject only to an obligation of good behaviour not to fight another Dominion. It is also true that, in the exact contrary sense to the great work of John Marshall in building up the central power of the United States, the rulings of the Privy Council fairly consistently tended to emphasise provincial rights in Canada, with ambiguous effects upon that country, although earning the gratitude of Quebec to Westminster. But the centralising tendency in recent years has been reinforced by economic considerations. There is a bias in favour of regarding only a centralised system as viable or 'progressive.' The reason is that it is economically easier to administer and develop. This tendency showed itself in Central Africa in relation to Uganda, and in Uganda in relation to Buganda. That it may be politically inorganic, mechanical and retrogressive is possibly not sufficiently allowed for. If the dams go up and the roads are laid and the profits rise, why worry about the Kabaka or the Asantahene? That we may be making an anti-democratic error comparable to that of Lord Macaulay in the field of Indian education—with, of course, much to be said in its favour—perhaps does not sufficiently occur to its exponents. At long last in India we learned from Rabindranath Tagore the lessons of

nationalism, that a people must take its own pace, following its own cultural tradition; and that in this sense indeed 'self-government' is more important than efficient 'good government.' And we learned it even if this involved admitting the partition of the Indian sub-continent and the establishment by popular will, in part of it, of an 'Islamic Constitution.'

No one wishes to suggest a division of the Gold Coast area, not even the National Liberation Movement. Its major political error seems to have been an impulsive decision to boycott the discussions and Sir Frederick Bourne's investigation, issuing in proposals on lines not dissimilar from those made earlier in 1951 by Sir Sydney Philipson. The limitation of the power of chieftains, but only after consultation, is an arrangement inherently ambiguous and unlikely to last. And to give Regional Councils merely consultative power is to give them legally no power at all. The regions will have no aspect of sovereignty even in the Pickwickian sense in which Texas has such. One suspects that the British constitutional model is being followed far too closely by economically minded engineers and administrators who have never absorbed the co-operative and federal philosophy. But it is not too late to reconsider the position on fundamental grounds of equity. Other ideas are possible than those that traditionally come from Balliol. And indeed the view of such an eminent federalist as Professor Wheare, of that College, might be worth taking. The issue is whether there should be Regional Councils: whether they should have entrenched constitutional powers (i.e., powers not recognised under the so-called British Constitution with its ancient dogma of Parliamentary sovereignty); and whether the central authority should enjoy residuary powers. It cannot be said with too much emphasis that this is a matter for the inhabitants of the Gold Coast themselves to settle. That is cardinal to the doctrine of Dominion status, as was at last accepted when dealing with the Indian issue. But, equally, as was acknowledged in dealing with the Moslem population in India, independence, self-determination and self-government do not spell the imposition of the alien will of localised majorities upon the will of localised minorities enjoying a traditional communal sentiment of their own. It might be a much better thing, of course, if this traditional sentiment were not so awkward. But the notion that human beings should be treated as dossiers to be fitted in to the convenience of administrations, to be cut up on Procrustean beds to fit that convenience, or even to suit the advancement of Economic Progress, i.e., more production as such, is a doctrinaire error, not less characteristic of the Bolsheviki because often espoused by efficient engineers. It is an error of the most deplorable kind. Here Tagore was entirely right. What first matters is the men gathered in organic human communities; then come the considerations which, left to themselves alone, make for the 'objectification' of men. It would be a pity if revolutionaries in a hurry forgot this. Of such dictators are made.

The report on constitutional issues on the Gold Coast of Sir Frederick Bourne recommends "a very substantial transfer of power from the centre to the regions." The leaders of the National Liberation Opposition and of the Ashanti region will be well advised, if they are to make political progress, to adopt a radical change of front and to abandon the sterile and, for them, disastrous policy of boycott and non-co-operation in consultations. Moreover, it would seem likely that, if the normal political process is to go

forward of eroding frontiers and building ever larger political units despite all the authenticity of local sentiment, then residuary powers should reside in the central authority, which can foster and develop them as the decades pass. Firm though the attachment may be of Quebec to provincial rights, the obduracy of the local sentiment of, for example, the Southern United States, despite the residual powers of the Federal Government, is not entirely a healthy thing and would be disastrous under a more decentralised constitution. This said, the legitimate claims of minority rights and local self-government demand attention. The absence of provision for a Second Chamber can only be deplored. It is important, when dealing with cocoa and gold, and with the patronage at the disposal of great public trading bodies, that (as proposed in the Bourne Report) the local communities should be consulted and represented, so as to avoid monopoly by some metropolitan or party clique. But the ultimate direction must lie with the political bodies, central and regional. And here there is abundant contemporary constitutional evidence to show that consultative status is not enough. Legal status must be assured. A Supreme Court of Justice on the American model is required. There is no single element of that Constitution more beneficial and more respected. And a tiny minority right which is constitutionally guaranteed, is worth a thousand vague and vast rights of general consultation, which can amount to nothing when interpreted by a head-strong central government ruthlessly determined—a determination fortunately deliberately avoided by Pandit Nehru in India, but not by Mr. Strijdom in South Africa—to enlarge and consolidate the central powers. There is still time to consider these constitutional reflections in various parts of the old Colonial Empire now passing on to Commonwealth status. If so the Commonwealth may indeed be, not a masque of anarchy, but a very glorious pageant of freedom, leading on to the yet wider Commonwealth of Free Nations of the world. And maybe the hour is not yet too late to pause for more prudent and moderate thoughts in the Gold Coast and for reflection upon the priority of political welfare to economic tidiness in the affairs of men.

GEORGE CATLIN.

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INTEGRATING MALTA

IN the period between the two wars Malta harboured the largest fleet in the world; in the wars the island was of some use to Great Britain. Today, with the loss of Suez, the trouble in Cyprus and the imminent defection of Ceylon as a naval base, it seems that Malta must retain some remnant of that strategic importance which throughout history has caused her always to be associated with the dominant power. Malta is the NATO naval headquarters in the Mediterranean. This strategic value may increase or diminish, but it does exist and indeed is strong enough to deny to Malta any constitutional change which would endanger such value. On the other hand Malta needs Britain. One quarter of the working population are concerned in defence projects, mainly the dockyard, and one third of the national income is derived from the Service Departments. It may be argued that the population would never have grown to 360,000 were it not for past defence expenditure; it may be argued that in the 150 years of her control of the island's affairs Britain did not make any effort to put the economy

on a less narrow basis. The fact remains that to maintain the present standard of living (somewhat higher than in adjacent areas) and to raise that standard towards an equivalence if not equality with Britain both the defence expenditure and a supply of economic aid directed to the developing of the island's economy are essential. This is the background to the desirability of the continued close association of Malta with Great Britain. There are other less material reasons for the association, but these include ideals and sentiments which cannot be weighed in argument though they should not escape consideration.

A stage has been reached when some constitutional change of status is inevitable. Everyone in Malta and all those in Britain acquainted with the situation are agreed upon the inevitability; this was clearly shown in the Commons debate. For years it has been apparent that the colonial status was at best ill-fitting, and constitution has followed constitution in vain attempts to reconcile the legitimate political aspirations of Malta with the requirements of defence strategy. Dissatisfaction with a political status and the administrative unworkableness of a constitution cannot be ignored forever and neither enhances the efficiency as a fortress base. Two main proposals have been offered as alternative forms for the inevitable political change to take. The proposal of Dr. Borg-Olivier, the leader of the Nationalist opposition party in Malta, is the one usual for a colonial territory (or pseudo-colony) with political aspirations: a type of Dominion status with the reservation to Britain of certain defence rights. This proposal was considered by the Round Table Conference on Malta and turned down on the grounds that it was unworkable and did not satisfy defence requirements. The other proposal which is a strange innovation for a dependent territory and very flattering to Britain is that of the present Prime Minister, Mr. Mintoff. This is the now well known integration plan which is diametrically opposed to the preceding proposal and seeks to draw Malta even closer to Britain rather than away. A fundamental part of the scheme is the sending of three Malta members to the House of Commons. It was adopted by the Round Table Conference by a majority of fifteen to two, and when the report was debated in the House opinion was clearly in favour of it. In Malta it was the basic issue in the last election which returned Mintoff's party with a 57% majority and the subject of a referendum where 75% of those voting approved (45% of the total electorate).

The Government and the majority in all parties in Britain seem to favour integration. Among those who approve are many who realise that it is not an ideal solution and that there are difficulties and disadvantages, but they nevertheless approve because they see no alternative. The few opponents either do not appreciate the urgency of the problem and wish to do nothing, or find the birth of a new idea involving a radical change in Parliament so painful that they needs invent objections. An instance of this was the fear that the three Malta members could sway the House: an objection which was as short-lived as it deserved to be in a society where few can be too politically ignorant to realise that a House which depends on three votes must be functionally useless as a legislative chamber. Some fear that the Maltese members would be but the forerunners of a colonial invasion. They refuse to admit that each case can be treated on its merits as the Conference and the Colonial Secretary have stressed; they also refuse to admit that,

apart from such considerations as a European culture, the defence position of Malta blocking as it does other roads of political development makes it a special case. It is not perhaps easy to realise that because it is such a naval base Malta is virtually part of Britain already, and also that with modern transport it is today nearer London than Edinburgh ever was until a few decades ago.

The opposition to integration is stronger in Malta than in Britain. It is not difficult to understand the Nationalists who represent that element of national pride present in every Maltese, and who would like to see the island which has a language, culture and traditions of its own as a separate entity. They feel that integration is only being mooted on economic grounds, and that once it is accomplished the door to independence will be closed no matter to what extent the economic position improves. They hope with the aid of economic support from Britain—this has been promised regardless of the complexion of the political change—to be able so to rectify the economic situation that integration is no longer an economic necessity and Dominion status becomes a possibility. The other opposition comes from the Catholic Church in Malta. This is not opposition to integration, as has so often been said, but a request for written guarantees that the status quo of the Church be maintained. The assurances given by the Conference to this effect were not considered sufficient, and it is to be seen whether Her Majesty's Government is willing to furnish written guarantees taking the form of a concordat. It has been suggested that what the Archbishop of Malta really wants is guarantees against any attempts of the Malta government under Mintoff to change the position of the Church. It is difficult to see how the British Government could give these and indeed why these changes should be more feared under the integration constitution than at present. Perhaps there is some slight justification in the fear that, while Britain would hesitate to interfere with the religious status in a colony, such would not be the case if Malta became part of Britain: on the other hand the record of the 150 years of British rule in Malta have shown no such tendency. It is very important that the Church be reconciled to integration and its fears allayed, for this would have the immediate effect of greatly increasing the numbers in favour of the step.

The next stage in the development of the situation is awaited with interest. Is the result of the referendum to be considered as the clearly expressed desire of the Maltese people demanded by the Conference report? There are those who think it should be and point out that integration between Newfoundland and Canada was carried out with a smaller majority. Others draw attention to the anomalous position that would arise if a Borg-Olivier Government were to be elected after integration had gone through, and to avoid this would wish the majority to be larger. It would seem that the most sensible step would be for Parliament to express its definite approval or otherwise of the integration plans with the appropriate legislation, and then a general election be held in Malta to clinch matters one way or the other. This would, however, have the disadvantage of driving into the Mintoff political camp those who supported integration but not his party programme, and alternatively the party vote might not include all those who were in favour of integration.

EDWARD. DE BONO.

VICTORIAN MEMORIES

IX. THE END OF THE CENTURY

WHEN the verdict was delivered that I was not to be a Trinity don, Dr. Butler, with his usual fatherly kindness, advised me to apply for a Fellowship at one or other of the smaller colleges where Trinity men with a First were occasionally in demand. He seemed anxious to keep me within the academic fold. When I confessed that I might, perhaps, some day try my luck in public life, he observed a little deprecatingly that the strongest of his contemporaries, such as Henry Sidgwick, had been satisfied with a scholar's career. I was offered a post as University Extension Lecturer, and not long afterwards I was sounded by Sir Adolphus Ward in regard to a position in Manchester University; but I preferred to live at home as I was fortunate enough to possess independent means. My main occupation of course would be historical study, but I could never be content with a purely academic career. I hoped to be of some little use in social work and thus to repay some small part of my debt for a lucky dip in the lottery of life.

My first book, *English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century*, won the Thirlwall Prize in 1897, was published by the Cambridge University Press in 1898, appeared in a pirated edition without my knowledge in America, reappeared with additional notes and appendices by Harold Laski in 1927, and was reprinted once again in 1955. Meanwhile the chapter on the Communists of the Commonwealth era was translated into Russian without seeking permission from the author or publisher. I was first attracted to the subject by my admiration for Milton's prose treatises and my interest in Harrington's *Oceana*, which argued for the first time in the history of political thinking that power ultimately depends on the distribution of property and thereby anticipated Marx. Though the two crowded middle decades of the century formed the core of the book, my sketch of democratic thought extended from the Reformation to the opening of the eighteenth century. It was a rewarding task to watch the gladiators of different classes, parties and creeds struggling to secure, retain or regain what they believed to be their inalienable rights.

No one could work at seventeenth century England without intensive study of the writings of Gardiner, who was as ready as Acton to share his treasures with young students like myself. There was something heroic in the record of this modest scholar, caring nothing for fame or fortune, who toiled for forty years at the enterprise which is his enduring monument. Earning his living by writing text-books and delivering popular lectures, he declined the Oxford Chair on the death of Froude in 1895 in order to bring his slowly moving narrative a few years nearer to its goal in 1660. He was always to be found at the same desk in the British Museum, surrounded by a pile of books. He had no gift of style, but his knowledge of the printed and unprinted materials of his period was unique, and his devotion to truth gave his writings exceptional moral authority. It is his glory to have narrated the most critical and controversial era of our history for the first time with relative detachment, and to have understood antagonists who could never understand each other. The path of deliverance from the Whig and Tory dog-fight had been opened in Ranke's monumental *England in the Seventeenth Century*, to which, except for the writings of Gardiner,

I owed more than to any other large scale work on the period.

To breathe the atmosphere and understand the controversies of the period the enormous Thomason collection of pamphlets in the British Museum was at my disposal. The London bookseller, scenting revolution in the air, began to collect books and pamphlets, newspapers and sermons in 1640, and persevered till the Restoration twenty years later. No such quarry exists for any period of our history before the foundation of the British Museum in the eighteenth century with its statutory rights as this corpus of 30,000 items bound up in over 2,000 volumes. No one had set sail on this ocean of faded print to illustrate the history of political ideas except Eduard Bernstein the German socialist during his years of exile in England in the 'eighties, and I was astonished at the wealth of the material. Among the most interesting of my themes were two pioneers, Winstanley the Communist and Lilburne the Leveller, the rise of the sects and the spirited debates in the Army Council. A new Cromwell, cautious and conservative, had emerged from the Clarke Papers recently published by Firth, standing midway between Royalists and radicals, exposed to violent attack from both camps. No man of action was ever less of a doctrinaire. Several years later I accepted an invitation to write a second book on the same fermenting age.

An Easter visit to Rome in 1897 and a longer sojourn in 1898 were only less stimulating to a young historian than student days in Berlin and Paris. It was the obvious opportunity to learn Italian, a language too full of vowels for my taste and lacking the majesty of its Latin mother. I devoured the classic *Storia della Letteratura* by Francesco de Sanctis, greatest of Italian literary historians before Croce. Having read Dante in the Temple Classics, with a translation on one side of the open page and the original on the other, I now sampled the minor deities from Petrarch, Tasso and Michaelangelo to Leopardi and Carducci without such aid. Italy is a land of poets rather than of dramatists or novelists. The tragedies of Alfieri struck me as rather machine-made, but I delighted in the tranquil beauty of Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*, which received the enthusiastic praise of Walter Scott. D'Annunzio was still at the beginning of his meteoric career, and Fogazzaro had not yet written his moving novel *The Saint*.

All roads lead to Rome, and I prepared for the pilgrimage to the best of my ability. I devoured the eight stout volumes in German of Gregorovius on the *History of Rome in the Middle Ages* which I had chosen as a Cambridge prize, the panoramic surveys of the Italian Renaissance by Burckhardt and Symonds, Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, Goethe's *Italianische Reise*, Lanciani's archaeological studies of Ancient Rome, Furtwängler's superbly illustrated *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*, and many other works old and new on Italian history, literature and art. I heard Lanciani lecture in excellent English, attended a debate in the Chamber on the Cretan crisis, and saw King Humbert driving unattended and unnoticed through the streets. I found myself among 50,000 pilgrims in St. Peter's on Easter Day who had gathered to witness the entrance of the octogenarian Leo XIII, whose face seemed as white as his raiment, and to hear the silver trumpets peal. On both my visits to the Eternal City I received the hospitality which the historian Count Balzani, the friend of Freeman and Hodgkin, Creighton and Bryce, extended to British students. Despite wars, revolutions and vandalism Italy remains the greatest museum in the world. The deserted streets of Pompeii,

the opulent beauty of Amalfi on its rocky perch, the lonely temples of Paestum, Assisi, Perugia and Siena, basking on their hillsides, the Byzantine glories of Ravenna, Giotto's tower in Florence, the Cathedral, Baptistry and leaning tower at Pisa: these and other enchantments were carried home to dream about for the rest of my life. Nowhere else have cities such beautiful names. I had seen Titian at Venice, and Raphael could be studied elsewhere, but for the fifteenth century Tuscans we must go to Tuscany. Fra Angelico, Botticelli and Lippo Lippi have always kept a special corner in my heart. Since Leonardo's *Last Supper* in Milan is only a ghost of its former splendour, no single picture in the peninsula seemed to me so marvellous as Velasquez' portrait of Innocent X in the Doria Palace in Rome.

No sooner was my first book launched than Lord Acton was ready with plans for another. A chronological handbook was required, he argued in a long letter, which would present the growth of modern civilisation in tabular form. I was to be surrounded and supported by auxiliary experts; he himself would give all the assistance in his power, and the book should be published by the Cambridge University Press. He proceeded to demonstrate why various works in French, German and Italian were too limited in scope to satisfy his demands. Numerous handbooks had dealt with politics alone and a few with *Kulturgeschichte*, but no sustained attempt had been made to combine them. The suggestion harmonised with my conviction that history embraces the whole life of mankind, and we agreed that I should start with Columbus. Politics were to fill the left hand page and culture the right, so that the student might see at a glance what was going on in the world. He was good enough to read the greater part of the proofs and to furnish a brief Forward in his usual pregnant style. "History embraces ideas as much as events, and derives its best virtue from regions beyond the sphere of state. No previous writer has grasped this fundamental truth with deeper conviction and understanding than Mr. Gooch. Viewing Modern History as a whole he does justice to its several elements, to thought as well as action, to the mass of influences which constitute opinion and govern the life of nations and the progress of civilisation." In such a wide field a young scholar needed competent advice, and the pundits responded in the friendliest way. I need only recall such distinguished names as Sir Richard Jebb for classical scholarship, Dr. Richard Garnett for Italian literature, and Sir Edmund Gosse for Scandinavia. The book, which was finished in 1900 and published in 1901, came down to the end of 1899. Reprinted in 1906 with a few corrections, it continued to sell steadily for many years.

On settling down at home after my adventures in Berlin and Paris, I began the practice of popular lecturing which was to continue into old age. Among Seeley's minor achievements was the foundation of the Social and Political Education League, designed to convey something of the culture of the Universities to the masses. While the University Extension movement involved paid lecturers, paying students and regular classes, the S.P.E.L., as it was called, offered single addresses by unpaid speakers in and near London. The Cambridge Secretary, who had been my instructor in Political Science, invited me to join the panel. Seeley's object was the training of citizens, and his dream was interpreted in the broadest way. Almost every aspect of life except party politics was embraced in the lecture list which was circulated to Settlements and Literary Societies, chapels and clubs. I spoke a

good deal for the League on the countries I had visited, and there was a brisk demand for a lecture on Tolstoi, then at the height of his fame. For less educated audiences lantern lectures were provided, and my illustrated talks on London, Paris and Rome were in considerable request. The annual Presidential Address was delivered during half a century by most of the leading Intellectuals of our time, among them Bishop Creighton, Oliver Lodge, James Bryce, Herbert Fisher, Professor Pollard and Julian Huxley.

More systematic teaching claimed many evenings at the University Settlements. I was associated with Mansfield House in Canning Town, in the heart of dockland, almost from its infancy. The Settlement had been founded by Mansfield College, Oxford, then under the guidance of Principal Fairbairn, one of the most learned theologians of the age and a man of warm human sympathies. The first Warden was Percy, later Sir Percy Alden, who had come from Balliol to the East End fired with the faith of Arnold Toynbee and T. H. Green, and who quickly won a leading place in the life and heart of West Ham. A fine residence had been erected in which lectures, concerts and At Homes were held; a Women's Settlement, with a hospital of its own, was only a few streets away. The charge of bourgeois complacency has some foundation in the earlier decades of the reign of Victoria, but the creation of Toynbee Hall and other University Settlements would alone suffice to rebut any such accusation in its closing phase. Young men fresh from College, clerks and manual workers mingled happily on a basis of simple human equality.

For some years I took a class in economic history—the only kind of history for which there was a demand in dockland—and printed a detailed syllabus for its use. Men who had been working their muscles all day could hardly be expected to read solid books, but they followed with interest the story of the workers from serfdom and the medieval guilds to the Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies of the nineteenth century. West Ham was the cradle of the Labour Party, for it had returned Keir Hardie to Parliament in 1892. The uncouth demagogue of popular imagination proved on personal acquaintance to be a man of exceptional refinement, with a tender heart and a love of beautiful things. I liked him from the first, and the Labour Party can be proud of its founder, whose soul was fired by the vision of a fairer life for the common man. A very different type was the rough diamond Will Thorne, the other political celebrity of the district. He had been present at the burial of Karl Marx, and his burly figure seemed to embody the cause of unskilled labour for which he stood. Nowhere in London could I have obtained a better insight into the mentality of the urban worker. Socialism was in the air in West Ham, for the dwellers in its mean streets could hardly be expected to applaud a capitalist society.

The name of Canon Barnett had long been familiar at Cambridge as indeed throughout the English-speaking world, and scores of young graduates found their way to Whitechapel to offer their services or to consult him about their careers. Toynbee Hall was the earliest and remains the most celebrated of the University Settlements which have sprung up in the great cities on both sides of the Atlantic; the residents and lecturers who won fame as statesmen and civil servants, economists and social workers, form an imposing list. Its stimulating influence on inquiring minds in the East End was illustrated in the autobiography of my valued friend Thoms Okey,

translator of Dante, who rose from the making of baskets to the Chair of Italian literature at Cambridge.

The life of Barnett by his gifted wife portrays one of the most original figures of his time. The launching of the Settlement movement was no mean achievement, but the man was greater than his work. What attracted old and young, rich and poor, was above all his mellow wisdom: to this day I think of him as one of the wisest men I ever met. What Barnett was to young men starting out in life, declared Alfred Spender, could never be told. The Canon, testifies Lord Beveridge, was an infinitely wise creature with a strong temper controlled and directed by love of God and man. The blend of a warm heart and a cool head rendered him an ideal counsellor. This quiet Whitechapel clergyman possessed the mind of a statesman. Clemenceau declared in the 'eighties that he was one of the three really great men he met in England. Hyndman, a well to do bourgeois Marxist, used to say that the middle class reformer wished to help the poor in their poverty but not out of their poverty. The sneer would have had no effect on Barnett, who, though eager for well-considered political and economic change, based his philosophy on the training of character, and tested proposals by their ultimate effect on the self-respect of the beneficiaries. Not even the Charity Organisation Society offered more inflexible opposition to all forms of pauperisation than the Vicar of St. Jude's. His gospel was not the early Victorian formula of self-help—a mockery for the vast army of men and women who never had a chance—but the provision of opportunity, physical, mental and spiritual, for healthy growth. The Whitechapel Art Gallery, with its annual exhibitions and volunteer guides, was as dear to his heart as the Children's Country Holiday Fund. He was a left-wing Gladstonian Liberal, not a Socialist, preferring local initiative and collective supervision to wholesale nationalisation.

The Barnetts are as inseparable in the memory of their friends as the Webbs. They belonged to the noble profession of Servants of Humanity, but identity of thought and aim was combined with a striking diversity of temperament. Though there was nothing in the least flabby or sentimental about him, the Canon was almost feminine in his gentleness and tenderness, whereas the inflexible will of his wife was suggestive of the stronger sex. The one seemed born to persuade, the other to command. I received nothing but kindness from them both, but I occasionally heard rumours of ruffled feathers when Dame Henrietta had been on the war-path. Despite their differing natures it was a perfect partnership. The Warden used to say that the whole work of the Settlement revolved round his wife's tea-table, meaning that it was the human touch which made Toynbee Hall a living institution. Her brain was as constructive as his, and it is to her that we owe Hampstead Garden Suburb and the better provision for "the children of the State." Two 'colleges,' called Balliol and Wadham, were separated by a concrete tennis court from the Settlement buildings. They were designed for young men who, while earning their living as clerks, school teachers or minor civil servants, desired to continue their studies. At the time I offered my services a scheme was being launched to prepare such of them as desired help for the London Matriculation, and I was invited to undertake their instruction in history. Organised adult education is among the best inventions of the modern world.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

SOUTH AFRICA'S GROWING PAINS

SOME months ago Durban achieved her centenary. Last October Pretoria celebrated hers. S. African cities have grown perhaps too rapidly, for everything they need is not moving at the same rate. Commercial enterprise, first fostered by the British, is now vigorously pursued by the Nationalists also, urged by their Government, with the result, as Mr. H. J. du Toit tells us, that S. African manufacturing output rose from less than £100m. in 1935 to over £1,400m. in 1954. The population of Durban is approaching 500,000 (30% White). That is the point at which cities begin to feel growing pains. Railways and docks have been proving unequal to their expanding tasks. Ships are held up. Coal is scarce, not for lack of coal but of trucks. It is the same with cement, builders living from hand to mouth, expecting to have to shut down. The non-delivery of fertilizers has caused anxiety to farmers, and good cane seasons have given transport workers sleepless nights. But now the Government is planning to do away with these shortcomings by means of a much improved transport system to cost £200m. and be ready in five years.

Factories and business houses have sprung up all over the country, followed less swiftly by dwelling houses, flats and schools. There have been difficulties over the housing problem in Durban, but the supply is beginning to meet the demand of the White people. Housing for Natives, hampered by red tape, has lagged behind, as everybody knows. Durban hopes soon to lay out a large estate for Natives, 15-17 miles from the city. There is still need of more schools, White, Indian and Native.

Controls of food seem to have outgrown their need. Under the Marketing Act boards were set up to control marketing of some agricultural products. During World War II the Government undertook to purchase and (where necessary) import these commodities and control their price. It still keeps some of these controls, although Chambers of Commerce and other bodies would favour a return to the laws of supply and demand. They say the shortage of beef from which cities are suffering originates in the Government's arbitrary price system which keeps the farmer's profits too low. When mutton was decontrolled, the number of sheep slaughtered in one year went up from 18,312 to 350,000, and it would be the same with beef. The Minister of Agriculture after consideration raised the price for producers by 1s. per hundred pounds of beef—a negligible increase only serving to turn the farmer's thoughts to growing wattle instead of beef. The Minister of Health pointed out that there was plenty of fish as "an acceptable substitute." He doubtless likes fish. Even the Minister of Labour seemed unmoved when he heard that butchers would have to reduce their staffs as meat supplies shrank. Perhaps he too likes fish. Relatively few Natives touch it, and beef offal which they willingly eat does not come with frozen carcasses. By the end of August, 1955, 360 live cattle and 494 frozen carcasses were all that Durban could muster to serve 500,000 people for the week-end. It was exasperating to farmers that Rhodesians and S.W. African producers were seizing the opportunity to export beef to the Union while they and the butchers and the abattoirs were losing money. The price of mutton naturally went up; pork carcasses grew fewer; and still the question why the Government would not allow auction on the hook and minimum

floor prices remained unanswered. Then, in January this year, Government control was at last lifted but administrative charges were raised. With the lifting, beef prices went up in some places by 25%, but shortly began to jog up and down so much that, with the uncertainty and the increased charges, the worried farmer was wishing for the old controls to come back again, particularly as the drought was making him offer more cattle than the butchers wanted. With maize in abundance, transport has been so inadequate that millers have had to close down one or two days a week. It was suggested to the Minister that surplus maize might be used to fatten cattle grown lean in the drought. He admitted that maize worried him but offered no assurances, while at the same time maize was being exported at a loss of 6s. per bag. With flour the shortage is in mills, millers' profits being kept low by the Government. Rice is also controlled. The Government appears to making 70% profit on its sale and this is growing. Mr. Naude approves. Rice is a luxury, he has said, and those who want it should be made to pay for it. Does he not like rice? Or did he forget that there are 300,000 Indians in S. Africa for whom rice is a staple food? The retail price is now 1s. 0½d. a pound. Agents think that with their greater experience and discernment they could retail the best at 10d. and the cheaper kinds at 8d.

The gravest shortage of all is in White workers. There are 90,000 unfilled jobs, tempting young people to leave school too soon, not from interest in work but in pay cheques. Dawdling, unreliable, receiving more money than they earn, these youngsters deteriorate rapidly. If their employers reprove them, they leave them in the lurch. Graduates from the universities also regard their degree not as a first step towards the mastery of their subject but as an open sesame to a remunerative position, and few go on to a second degree. The President of the Transvaal and Orange Free State Chamber of Mines deplors this attitude as shutting the door on future leaders. Thus it is not surprising that the Union engineering schools are not filled although the country needs a thousand more engineers. The same story comes from the building, mining, metallurgical and manufacturing industries, from the police, the railways, the postal services and public works departments, from the teaching and nursing professions and all branches of commerce. The fantastic number of 1,200 resignations per month from the public services suggests dissatisfaction with conditions of work. Perhaps anxiety over their bilingual attainments in face of the next test for promotions impels some to try their luck elsewhere. The cost to the Government is high, and the resignations do not promote smooth running.

How can manpower shortages be overcome?

1. Senator de Klerk considers that the European is not pulling his weight. He must learn to work with his hands. One wonders whether this solution would be acceptable to S. Africans. But the Senator goes further: "All who can must work, whether blind, deaf, old or crippled, no matter what is wrong with them so long as they are not bed-ridden." Every little helps, of course. As, however, he knows that his enthusiasm will make no impression unless backed up with offers of material advantage, he is encouraging "incentive wage schemes," improved rates of pay for apprentices. Training as artisans is already on foot, and there is a likelihood of higher allowances for those being trained. What

depresses the Minister is that apprentices are not taking advantage of the technical help provided. The fact seems to be that wages have soared too high. When you can get money for jam, why should you bother about technical qualifications? Dr. P. J. Olckers, Director of Public Service Training, has announced that the Government is prepared to spend £66,000 in bursaries to send public servants and others to S. African universities, and the State is promoting a campaign to direct boys of school-leaving age to suitable careers. In these ways some gaps will be filled, but obviously what one employer gains another must lose. Even with harder work the available men cannot hope to make up for thousands of vacancies.

2. The President of the Federated Chamber of Industries does not see any danger in promoting Native labour. Think what he may. Apartheid is the law of the land. The Native may do skilled labour for his own people only.

3. There remains immigration. In 1948 the Nationalist Government stopped the flow of settlers. It goes against the grain with Nationalists to contemplate an influx of people "whose way of life is not in accordance with the S. African way." If they could bring in a few thousand Calvinists who would join the Nationalist Party, they might favour the idea. As it is, Mr. Savage does not believe they will get immigrants in worthwhile numbers. The Government does not help towards visas, etc. (about £20) or the passage to the Union, and Roman Catholics are definitely not wanted. What, then, is left?

Just when every choice had been examined and found wanting, Mr. de Klerk has thought out a new solution and has already begun "preliminary arrangements to overcome the shortage." His plan is nothing more or less than country-wide Automation. With Automation he will spread out the White manpower of S. Africa in twos and threes to watch machines doing the work. It is an ingenious device. But surely much of the work they will watch will be the work the Native does now. Will Automation provide machines with enough brains as well as brawn to solve S. Africa's problems, or will it just throw a large number of Black people out of a job? And how much will nation-wide Automation cost in machines and repairs? And does Senator de Klerk think it will be good for White S. Africans just to watch machines? Meanwhile work clamours to be done, and the Cape Coloureds (mixed White and Black) in spite of Apartheid have taken advantage of white labour shortage to slip into many skilled and semi-skilled jobs, particularly in the building trade. The Natives pay a head tax, but the Coloureds pay rates and taxes (including income tax) like the European. Only a few are highly educated at present, but their aim is, or was before the trouble arose over their voting rights, to keep up as far as possible a European style of living and follow White ways. Unfortunately for them, they are said to be multiplying more rapidly than any other racial group in S. Africa. Consequently, their good behaviour, their satisfactory work as clerks or artisans, is of secondary consideration to the Nationalist Government, for by their birth rate they are a "menace to White supremacy." The Cape Coloureds had the right to vote on the common roll for the old Cape Parliament, and this right was safeguarded or "entrenched" in the S. Africa Act at Union, not to be taken away except by a two-thirds majority in a joint sitting of both houses of parliament. The Nationalists

have already attempted more than once to remove them and put them on a roll of their own with White men to represent them in parliament, but either they by-passed the "joint sitting" and the appellate judges judged their enactment invalid, or they failed to find the necessary majority. Now, however, all that is altered. Last year the Government set to work. Last year the Government increased to eleven the number of judges needed to decide on the validity of an Act, and they amended the Senate, both in numbers and voting system (for election), so as to assure to themselves 77 members against 8 to the United Party. Their two-thirds majority is therefore safe if this new Senate Act, now being challenged by the United Party, is allowed by the Appellate judges. In that case, one may expect the Coloured voters soon to be removed from the common roll. It may seem that the question is academic; but the Coloureds have valued this link with the White people and have thought of themselves as gradually rising to higher things. They will find it hard to accept demotion. They will, naturally, lose confidence in the White 'superiors' and may thereafter take their own line. As their numbers and their parliamentary representatives increase, they may actually become the menace which the Nationalists fear.

A. M. MACCRINDLE.

DR. BURNEY, BIOGRAPHER

IN the voluminous literature to which the subject of Dr. Johnson and his literary milieu has given rise, a fair degree of recognition has been accorded to the genius of Charles Burney. Johnson's own opinion of Burney's writings was unequivocal: and though, as is often alleged, he had no ear for music and thus could not properly appreciate the object of Burney's musicological labours, he was ready enough to acknowledge the Doctor's eminence among the *literati* of his age. It is true that Burney was not invited to join the Literary Club until 1784, whereas his great rival historian Sir John Hawkins was among its foundation members. But Hawkins was a slightly older man than Burney: and in any case he had come to know Johnson six years or so before Burney ventured to make himself known to the great lexicographer by writing to express his admiration of Johnson's famous Dictionary.

Boswell records Johnson's enthusiasm for "that clever dog Burney's Musical Tour," on which he is said to have modelled his own Journey to the Western islands of Scotland. But it is doubtful whether Johnson took any great degree of interest in the purely musical dissertations which make up so much of the *Present State of Music in France and Italy* . . . : and his references to Burney's professional labours are very scanty. But the two men had one great subject in common—the art of writing prose. Burney read Johnson's *Rambler* papers with great enthusiasm, and shows considerable acumen in comparing Johnson's style with that of Addison. His own prose, as seen in the *Present State* . . . (his "Travels") (1771) and the *General History of Music* (1776) has not, perhaps, been sufficiently appraised. It is, of course, stamped with the marks of its period as far as diction and

rhythmical organisation are concerned. But at its best Burney's style is the instrument of a unique sensibility, capable of putting several kinds of irony and discreet innuendo to the most effective and tasteful uses.

Burney has not usually been thought of as an important biographer. But the preparatory work imposed upon him when compiling his encyclopædic history of music entailed a great deal of biographical research. The *General History* (particularly in its later sections) contains extensive lives of many famous composers, often accompanied by shrewd comments on the intentions and development of their work. But here, obviously, the separate lives had to be "run into" the general account of the progress of music. So a better place in which to sample Burney's abilities in this kind of writing, is in the contributions which he made to Abraham Rees' *Cyclopædia*, which began publication in 1802. Burney's share in this great undertaking is discussed by Dr. Percy Scholes in Chapter 58 of *The Great Doctor Burney* ("Virtues and Vagaries of a Septuagenarian Encyclopædist"), where the nature of the project as a whole is described. Burney was not the sole contributor on musical subjects; he was aided by two colleagues, J. W. Callcott, a composer of catches and glees, and John Farey, a scientist who wrote learnedly on the mathematical basis of music. Dr. Scholes has shown how Burney, though already a man of seventy-five, produced a considerable quantity of new material to convenience his friend Dr. Rees. Biography was to be something of a speciality in the *Cyclopædia*. As the author of the article on that subject said: "A writer of lives may descend, with propriety, to minute circumstances and familiar incidents. From him it is expected to give the private as well as the public life of those whose actions he records; and it is from private life, from familiar, domestic, and seemingly trivial occurrences, that we often derive the most accurate knowledge of the real character."

Now Burney had already given the world a four-volume survey of music and musicians from the earliest times until the late eighteenth century, and could hardly be expected to provide completely fresh accounts of topics he had covered thoroughly once or twice before. So he borrowed much of what he wanted from the pages of his *General History*, making any emendations needed to bring the work up to date. Whenever he had recourse to other authorities, such as Rousseau, Laborde, Walther, etc., he made a note of the fact. Occasionally, as Dr. Scholes points out, Burney was guilty of lapses of judgment, due to faulty research and inexplicable mis-statements: sometimes, too, he would ramble from his ostensible subject and finish up a long way from his starting point. All the same, his erudition in this work is astonishing; and his contributions to the *Cyclopædia* are the production of a mind that is still splendidly virile, not the work of a superannuated bookworm. Yet there is one point on which Dr. Scholes' account of the Septuagenarian Encyclopædist perhaps needs further investigation. He says that "the 'biographies' so far as they concern musicians treated at any length in the *History* are largely (not, by any means entirely) extracted from that work. . . ." In general that observation is fair enough. But if we are to do justice to Dr. Burney's talents in this particular department of literature, we need to know more about what he did with the opportunities afforded to him by Abraham Rees' specific requirements.

It is true enough that a good many of the lives of composers and per-

formers given in Rees' *Cyclopædia* are little more than transcripts of what Burney had already written in the *General History*. A case in point is that of Henry Purcell, which only needed to be contracted slightly to conform with the needs of the moment. Similarly with John Blow and J. C. Bach: here, Burney uses his earlier biographical material almost without alteration. And the same thing happened in the case of numerous other composers. But there are instances where Burney either added to the content of his original sketches, or turned out something quite new. In the *General History*, for example, his paragraph on the Chapel Royal composer John Travers is very short (95 words in fact). But in the account of Travers given in Rees' *Cyclopædia*, we find this augmented by the following addendum:—

"His passion for fugues, resembled that of an inveterate punster, who never hears a phrase or sentence uttered in conversation, without considering what quibble or pun it will furnish: so Travers seems never to have seen or heard any series of sounds, without trying to form them into a fugue, and meditating when and where the answer might be brought in."

The space devoted to Carl Freidrich Abel in the *Cyclopædia* is much less than that allowed him in the *History*: but the last-named work does not contain this suggestive afterthought:—

"Abel was irascible in his temper, and apt to be overbearing. He loved his bottle; and by excess of drinking when he was labouring under a spitting of blood, he put an end to his complaint and to his life."

The violinist Thomas Pinto is mentioned several times *passim* in the *General History*. But from the *Cyclopædia* we learn something of greater moment about him than that he was perhaps the greatest sight-reader of his age:—

"Pinto, who in playing an adagio seemed to have so much feeling and expression, was a Stoic at heart, equally indifferent to pain and pleasure . . . (he) died with the same indifference about wordly concerns as he had lived, and left his unfortunate widow, the once much famed Miss Brent, so literally a beggar, that she returned to England to solicit charity from the Musical Fund; which, alas! she did in vain: for by his having during several years neglected to pay his subscription, all her claims were annihilated in an establishment which she and her husband had often by their gratuitous performances contributed, at its annual benefits, to support, previous to its being enriched and rendered a royal institution by the commemoration of Handel."

Personal touches such as this are used frequently by Burney. They would seem to indicate that he was anxious not to let slip those idiosyncrasies in other men that had not escaped his notice on odd occasions. In the *Cyclopædia*, as Dr. Scholes observes, Burney is often very free when he comes to talk of intimate particulars, especially of men whom he knew personally. His sketches of the minor composers of the eighteenth century—despite their occasional exaggerations and strokes of covert sarcasm—are especially valuable.

But it would be wrong to regard this collection of notices as so many

anecdotal flights of fancy. In his biographical writing Burney observes certain principles which are not usually appealed to by the average Grub Street hack. In the first place he never forgets that a biography is an account of a man or woman who actually lived, not merely a recapitulation of dates, deeds or publications: consequently he reports whenever he is able to those attributes of human character which differentiate his subjects from the rest of Mankind. We have an example of this in the life of Dr. William Hayes. Burney tells us how Dr. Hayes "took fire" at some aspersions contained in Charles Avison's *Essay on Musical Expression*. And we learn that Hayes ("a man of very considerable abilities in his profession" according to the *General History*) was not satisfied until he had published some animadversions on Avison's work: "he felt so indignant at Avison's treatment of Handel," writes Dr. Burney, "that he not only points out the false reasoning in his essay, but false composition in his own works"! Burney has here shown concisely how Dr. Hayes betrayed his animus; but he has also given us a broad hint as to the kind of person Dr. Hayes was. Similarly we hear that William Jackson of Exeter possessed genius, judgment and taste in composition; yet "these qualities were strongly alloyed by a mixture of selfishness, arrogance, and an insatiable rage for superiority." On the other hand Burney goes out of his way to inform us that the flautist Blavet "joined the respectable virtues of society" to his distinguished talents as an instrumentalist; his manners and conduct were blameless, his temper tranquil, and his probity scrupulous." His thirty-two years of married life were uninterrupted harmony and affection. "We are always glad," says Burney, "when to great professional abilities, such an estimable character can be joined." And there is, surely, no mistaking the intention of that conclusive remark.

Burney, it is clear, had his own decided ideas on social decorum, and knew what he really felt about the manner in which human beings (even musicians) ought to conduct themselves in society; consequently he is severe in any wrong-headed departures from established standards of normality. Like Johnson in the *Lives of the Poets* he so arranges what he thinks ought to be said about the various musicians and their behaviour in the social groups to which they belong, that in due course his moral judgments are firmly established. Burney always applauds generosity and open-heartedness, as in the case of Samuel Arnold and John Immyns; but he will not let shabbiness of dealing or empty conceit escape censure. In the case of Thomas Tudway, for example, he not only rehearses the charges already made against this "inveterate punster" (a favourite phrase with Burney) but appends an official relation of how Dr. Tudway disgraced himself at Cambridge: Gretry he scolds for having claimed to be more revolutionary in the art of composition than he actually was. Incidentally the life of Gretry in Rees' *Cyclopædia* is an example of Burney's use of a brief biography as a vehicle by means of which he can deliver opinions on the taste of a particular period. An instance of this is the life of Domenico Alberti, a composer who affected certain changes in the art of composing for the harpsichord. There are several scattered references to Alberti in the *General History*. From the *Cyclopædia* we learn that his style was new, "and so much more within the power of gentlemen and ladies to execute, than the rich and complicated pieces of Handel, and the wild and original legerde-

main of Scarlatti." This circumstance, we learn, encouraged a piece of lucrative sharp practice on the part of one Jozzi, an opera singer (whose performances are mentioned *cum laude* by Burney in his *History*). Having acquired some of Alberti's compositions, Jozzi had the audacity to pass them off as his own works, imprinting his own name on the title-page! In the *Cyclopædia*, incidentally, Burney is much more severe on Jozzi's fraudulent transcriptions than he is in the *General History*.

Abraham Rees' forty-five volume dictionary of arts and sciences is not easily come by nowadays. It ought to be more widely known than it is because of the high level of literary skill shown by so many of its contributors. As far as Charles Burney is concerned, it would be no exaggeration to say that his biographical articles make up a body of writing comparable in excellence with Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Like Johnson, Burney is more at ease when writing about contemporary figures than when dealing with men who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; for the seventeenth century he made what use he could of authorities like Anthony Wood and Roger North: and of his practice when speaking of his own age he said that "Though we have adhered as closely as possible to the rule, of confining our remarks on musical composers and performance to the dead, of whom an opinion may be given without fear of offence if unfavourable, or of exciting envy by eulogies . . ." yet exception might be made in the case of a person who (like Signor Piossi in 1814) had retired from the profession and was well known generally for the excellence of his work. Like Johnson, too, Burney had well defined standards of what constitutes artistic merit. And his qualities as a biographer and music critic are seen at their best, perhaps, in his life of Handel, which occupies eleven columns of print—as against Haydn's two, Mozart's one and a quarter, and J. S. Bach's one and a half. However much of this may have been derived from other sources, the Handel article as it stands in Rees' *Cyclopædia* is a miniature masterpiece, and forms an effective tribute to a genius about whom Burney obviously had no reservations. The chief facts of Handel's early life are set out succinctly, references being made to Matheson's *Life of Handel* and Telemann's *Autobiography*; Handel's adoption by Burney's own countrymen is recounted in some detail; and an estimate of the composer's moral and social character is offered before Burney comes to his summing up of Handel's qualities as a musician. Furthermore, this final assessment of his creative talent is made to turn on a critical principle dear to Dr. Burney and other musical aestheticians of his day—the question of Handel's powers of invention and alleged lack of *originality*. Before trying to decide on the degree of praise or blame that ought to be attached to Handel on this score, Burney asks us to reflect on what is meant by the terms 'invention' and 'originality.' He concludes: "All that the greatest and boldest musical inventor can do, is to avail himself of the best effusions, combinations, and effects of his predecessors; to arrange and apply them in a new manner; and to add, from his own sources, whatever he can, that is grand, graceful, gay, pathetic, or in any other way pleasing. This Handel did in a most ample and superior manner. . . ." Behind a pronouncement of that kind stands a whole system of critical valuations. And the fact that such responsible criteria of judgment are applied just as assiduously to the conduct of human life as to the artistic proclivities of representative figures in the

world of music is the chief reason for acclaiming Dr. Burney as a biographer. As examples of effective prose expression, many of his "lives" have the trenchancy and authoritative tone which are dominant characteristics of Johnson's more celebrated biographies of the English poets.

E. D. MACKERNES.

PONIES OF THE CAMARGUE

THE Camargue is that big, savage swampland that stretches across the estuary of the Rhône River, in south-eastern France. Everything seems amphibious here, everywhere glitter in the sun the dead-still mirrors of numberless fresh water marshes and saline lagoons, all overgrown with 9-foot tall reeds and rushes. This matted vegetation has turned these parts into a regular bird-paradise. Well over one hundred indigenous species breed here, and about two hundred migratory ones mark a halt on their way to and from warmer climes. The flamingo, resplendent in its deep crimson and light pink plumage, breeds in the heart of the swamps in large "flamingo-cities," that are perhaps the most remarkable sight in the animal world. In this amphibious land, where you cannot tell where the land begins and the water leaves off, you feel brusquely brought back to the dawn of mankind, when the free earth knew no owner. Man seems an intruder, and the occasional spot of a cow-boy's cabin, built of swamp-reeds, goes only to underline the solitude. The feeling of a lost world is still enhanced when, rounding some juniper thicket, you see a herd of the ponies native to these parts, left to range at will almost the whole year round over the swamps. Shaggy and wild, they seem strikingly pre-historic in appearance.

Standing barely fourteen hands high, and weighing some eight hundred pounds, almost too big for a pony, and too small for a horse, this nag from the Camargue has the thick-set body and bulging belly of an animal out at grass. Stick haphazardly four spindle legs, with knotty knees as if he suffered from rheumatism, out of all proportion to his squat body. Add a heavy head at the end of a short and cobby neck. Throw in for full measure an unkempt mane and a generally whitish, dull coat. The ugliest horseflesh in the world? And, to make matters still worse, he smells like a wild animal. But do not jump to hasty conclusions. Do not be taken in by his sleepy and sloppy bearing when standing at ease. You must not overlook that deep-chested body, that short back, and all the mighty muscle-structure of those buttocks, so suitable for the sudden contractions of the jump and gallop. Your pony must call upon all this pent-up strength to tackle the local shorthorn. With its black lustrous hair and lighter strip all along the back, that tough customer is the nearest domesticated thing to the now well-nigh extinct wild aurochs. Now, let us see our pony in action against some wily old bull, which knows by heart all the tricks of the game. He then displays a cleverness, initiative, nimbleness and agility second to none. Instinctively, the pony anticipates all the feints of the bull, adroitly dodging its charges. With all the ease and grace of a ballet-dancer, he suddenly wheels about, turns within his own length, performs right-angle turns to make you dizzy, stops abruptly, to start at full gallop. And do not forget

that all that steeple-chase race takes place over ditches and through juniper-thickets, in rough country, where our pony's feet are likely to sink up to the pasterns into some treacherous waterhole, concealed by reeds. For all that, the race almost invariably ends up with the defeat of the bull. When the rider decides to call it one day, a brief order is enough direction for the pony to bring him exactly behind the adversary's back. His trident, ending into a blunt tree-pronged iron, well couched on the stirrup, the man brings it to bear at the point where the tail begins knocking the bull down.

If horse and bull understand each other so well, it is because they are both part of this amphibian land. They are so near to Nature that they are receptive to the least shudders of the sky, the water, the earth and to the faintest stir of the wind. Man has drifted too far from Mother Earth, thus losing their weather-wisdom. Perhaps through some subtle change in the moisture of the air, the bulls are able to foretell the weather hours in advance. A "gardian" or cow-boy will know that the fiery northern Mistral will start soon lashing those flat expanses at 60 knots per hour when he sees all the bulls of his "manade" drawing close together in a straight line, cows and young behind, bracing themselves and lowering their horns in the direction from which the wind is to blow. In our standardized, grasping and pleasure-loving "civilization," the "gardian"—as spelt in the Camargue—is a gentleman. His motto displays all his uncompromising individualism and character: "La Liberté prime tout!" Freedom above everything. He cares nought for money, comfort or long working hours. His bed is a burlap sack filled with straw, his pillow is his high saddle, smelling of the acrid ammonia tang of horse sweat. Though his average work day is twelve hours long, if need be, he sticks night and day to this saddle during the "ferrade" season, when the particular stamp of his "manade" is branded with a red-hot poker on every young bullock, and when it comes to escorting the cattle from pasture to pasture. Our friend loves the wide open spaces of his native land, is bent on maintaining its age-old traditions and unique folkways, calls every horse and every bull of his ranch by name. Instinctively, to cure their ills, he applies strictly non-scientific remedies, which have, however, been tested throughout the centuries. Often enough a "gardian" will ride 60 miles from far away pastures to the spot where the bullocks are branded, help in the operation, and after a short breathing-spell set out on the return ride. His mount needs no unsaddling the whole day long. Only back at the "mas"—farmhouse—he will unsaddle the pony and give him a pat on the back. However tired he might be, the animal will make at full throttle for his native pastures, never slacking the pace until he has joined the rest of the herd.

Usually forty mares are run with two stallions. But, towards the beginning of spring, to avoid the proud males savaging each other to death, the herd will be divided into two parts, which are put in wide distant pastures for four months. The foals are dropped out in the swamps, without man's help, and there is seldom a casualty if the mares are left undisturbed. The foal is black at birth, turning grey, then whitish as it advances in age. The animals are put to work only during a relatively short season, roaming at liberty over their swamps all the rest of the year, come winter or summer. Born and bred in freedom, it costs next to nothing to feed them. They are left to fend for themselves, browsing on the salted turfs of the "enganes,"

and on the "saladelles," with a bitter and altogether aromatic taste. They drink the brackish waters of the Rhône. When too far from it at the height of summer, they may even suffer from thirst, as the fiery sun has pumped dry all but the larger freshwater marshes. Dogged by dense clouds of mosquitoes, they are obliged then to make the most of the carpet of withered hallophyte plants, for the scorched grass has grown altogether too scant. The ponies are happiest in the autumn. As soon as the rice crops are gathered, they are left to feed on the fresh, clean tufts of grass on the verges of the rice-fields. But this happy time lasts only for a few weeks and once more our ponies must look for submerged reed shoots. To get these, they are obliged to dip their heads up to their eyes into the flooded swamps. On higher grounds, the winter frost has all but burnt the grass. The animals then grow an arctic livery of a kind to protect them from the perversities of the weather. Their hoofs are so hard that they need no shoeing-smith. These are round and large, being intended for treading swamps and sands.

The ponies are endowed with many other qualities. I owe my life to the unerring instinct of Pescalune, a 5-year-old Camargue. Once twilight caught me flat-footed in the middle of an unfamiliar swamp. An eerie fear began to grip me, scared stiff as I was to pull out of the "gargatto," these treacherous quaking bogs, only to alight on some "transtairo," these shifting sands that could swallow up a man and his mount in less time than it takes to describe it. But to warn me of both, I relied on my pony's instinct and queer faculty of seeing nearly as well at night as in daylight. I thus gave high-couraged Pescalune "his head," and he started tackling the job with dogged perseverance and fortitude. At times he made so many big détours that I was afraid he had lost his bearing, but needlessly so. Perhaps guided by scent, perhaps by his phenomenal memory for a country he had traversed only once, half-splashing and half-swimming, he got me at length out of the swamps. I wonder whether any other horse could have done it. The unique mode of life of the breed may well account for their cleverness and sure-footedness. This semi-wild life, coupled with an almost total lack of man's care, must have been conducive to the preservation of unique atavism phenomena.

A few authors believe that the Camargue is the lineal offspring of the Ice-Age Solutré horse. According to them, the age-old seclusion of their savage home-marshland would have kept the pristine prehistoric purity of the stock for thousands upon thousands for years. Professor Bourdelle, France's foremost authority on the subject, is inclined to go even further than this. He thinks that the Camargue is not the son of the Solutré, but his first cousin, being in his own right the lineal off-spring of the primitive wild quaternary horse. He bases his conviction on the fact that it is the only breed in the world to have six, and sometimes even seven, lumbar vertebrae, whereas all other horses have only five. Ponies of the breed have also the same metacarpus measurements as the primitive wild horse. The quaternary horse had a smallish height, and rectilinear or slightly convexilinear outlines. The nowadays Prjewalski horse corresponds exactly to such a description. This middle-Asian breed, named "taka" by the Mongols and "kertag" by the Khirgizes, still roam at liberty the wilderness of Dzungaria and the Altai Mountains, forming thus the one really wild horseflesh in existence. When the continental glacier of the later Ice-Age began melting away, the

primitive quaternary horse must have undergone rapid changes to adapt itself to its new environments, branching soon into three neatly differenced stocks, namely, the steppe-breed, the desert-stock, and the forest-stock. The various horses engraved upon the walls of caves in south France and north Spain belong to these three brands, differing widely from their common ancestor. According to Professor Bourdelle it is from one of such breeds, which had quickly grown bigger and concavilinear in outlines, that stemmed both Solutré and Camargue. The Camargue may well be the European counterpart of the Prjewalski horse, and like it, a unique case of survival, in direct line, of the primitive wild quaternary horse. From this wild ancestor the Camargue has inherited his excitable, tricky temper and irrepressible love for freedom. Legends tell of Camargue stallions which preferred death to capture. He must be trained when a yearling, after that, it would be too late. The untrained "rosso" must be lassoed and pushed into a corral enclosed by thorny faggots. Even then, it is a tough job to break him, as with any Far-West "bronco." He will rear up, play leap-frog to unsaddle his trainer, and bite his shoes—the Camargue "gardian" wearing jodhpurs. Napoleon sought to press the Camargue into the light cavalry. But to keep fit our pony needs the swamps, the sands, the white-hot sun, the hurricane-force Mistral, scorching heat by day, freezing cold at night—and freedom. Under confinement the recruits soon drooped and lost condition. They refused to feed and died in their thousands in their homesickness for the wide open spaces, the mirages, and all that unique and catching charm of their savage home-marshland.

Marseilles.

MAURICE MOYAL.

THE MZABITE CITIES OF THE SAHARA

THE inhabitants of the Mzabite cities of the Sahara, 800 miles south of Algiers, and perhaps 200 within the area of the desert itself, are among the most interesting sects in the world. Opinions vary as to their origin, but it seems likely that they are of great antiquity, possibly Carthaginian, exiles from the sack of Carthage by Scipio in 146 B.C. Conservative and unchanging, their mode of life and traditions suggest a remote past. By some they are thought to be Berbers, although there appears no warrant for such an assumption. The Berbers are warlike and aggressive; the Mzabite is essentially a man of peace and ordered existence. However far he may travel from home, it is solely for the purpose of his trade (he is above all things practical and commercially-minded), and always returns to his stabilised domestic centre, his unchanging traditions, and his home, founded upon marriage with a woman of his own race, with other than whom no alliance is permitted, or desired.

A theory exists that as the Jews were used by Christ as the first converts to His teaching, so the Mzabites were the chosen people to whom Mohammed imparted his basic doctrines. They remain, however, a mystery of the desert which appears insoluble. Sitwell (1940) calls them the Quakers or Moravians of the Moslem world. The simile is apt, for their lives as well as their religion are based upon a form ascetic and basically unchanging. As merchants and traders they mix with the world but are never of it. Neither the desert nor its inhabitants impinge upon them. Distinct from the Arab or Berber,

although among them, they follow their own way of life to the extremes of fanaticism. Other origins are also attributed to them. They are credited with Moslem blood, speaking a dialect akin to the Kabyle of Algeria, and Sitwell states that "under the name of Sladites, their sect, at one time in the tenth century, ruled a quarter part of North Africa."^{*} He describes them as "Moslem puritans or dissenters." Their sect is undoubtedly very strict, holding views more austere than any community or tribe in North Africa. Whatever their origin, whether Jews or Moslems, their way of life is fundamentally different from their desert neighbours. Regarded as unorthodox by the Moslems, according to one theory they were driven from their territory, taking refuge in the island of Djirba off the Tunisian coast, and at Ouargla. Again expelled in the 11th century, a remnant stayed in Djirba, the rest fleeing into the Sahara, and founded the Mzabite settlement of which Ghardaia is the capital. There their history ends, except for their acceptance of the French Protectorate in 1853, and their annexation to France in 1882. The present population now numbers some 40,000. Their genius for the discovery and use of water is their distinguishing achievement, by which they converted the region of their adoption into fertility, sinking 3,000 wells, and able to maintain by this means 200,000 palm trees. Oases and gardens beyond their cities also bear witness to their enterprise and patient industry. But within the precincts of their towns and dwellings are no flowers or trees. They are a utilitarian people, suggesting that beauty, as such, bears but small significance for them.

The Mzabite cities resemble no others in the world. From my window at Ghardaia I looked upon the blue and white mud houses, so built to withstand the drought of fourteen to fifteen waterless years, up to where the mosque, with its strange angular minaret, capped the summit of the hill. It has been suggested that the presence of the six hills helped to determine the sites of the settlements[†] for their use as look-outs in the event of enemy attack. In the 20th century, it was a strange experience to stay in or walk through areas of habitation founded solely upon a system of utility, forced upon the inhabitants by necessity alone. The presence of an apparently inexhaustible water supply, an oasis of palm trees, and enclosures for the cultivation of fruit and vegetables a mile or so from the cities, no less than the summer quarters of the inhabitants sited among them, present a picture of prosperity and permanency alike unusual and remarkable among a desert people. Their habits and ways of life differ from those of the ordinary Arab, with whom they claim no affinity. The Holy City of Benisgen is perhaps the most interesting of the group from the fact of the extreme Mzabite traditions which it presents. Built as its companion cities upon a hillside, the buildings, as in Ghardaia, culminating in the mosque with its minaret, the atmosphere is austere and suspicious to a degree not experienced in the capital. No stranger is allowed within the walls after sunset. Tobacco and alcohol are forbidden. The people seem a humourless and ascetic population. Jews are tolerated, but only at the west end of the town, the streets of their ghetto being blocked towards the west.[‡] These Jews are the last of their fraternity in Europe not to

* Sacheverell Sitwell (1940). *Mauretania*. London. Duckworth.

† Ghardaia, Benisgen, Bou Noura, Melika, Guerrara el Ateux and Beriane. (capital) (Holy City)

‡ This feature appears also in the other Mzabite towns.

adopt modern dress. Unlike those of other desert towns, the children do not beg of the stranger, but if possible evade his presence. The women are so closely veiled that one eye only is uncovered.

A few shops offer vegetables or other produce, but the main method of commerce is by auction, which takes place two hours before sunset in the market square. There we saw the inhabitants (men only) assembling, to sit round and wait for the proceedings to begin. Their fine faces, white garments, the grace of their deportment, the entire absence of women, lent a strange eastern atmosphere to the scene. Merchandise was being arranged preparative for the auction—junk of all kinds, such as forms any second-hand dealer's store—pots and pans and ironware—carpets—baskets of fruit and vegetables—and groups of sheep and goats, and here and there a camel uttering its strange cries of protest. The head man and the elders of the city sit on a dais at one end of the market place. It is said that the bids are given in whispers and can only be raised to the value of a franc, and that the ceremony is a lengthy proceeding. If by sunset an article is not sold, according to Bodley§ "it reappears on the market the following day at the figure of the last bid." One custom only helps to give a lighter touch to the scene or, rather, the temper of this strange place. Every morning the goats of the city are collected by a civic herdsman and driven forth beyond the walls to pasture. Before sunset, his charges return with him to the gates, where they separate, each finding its way to its respective abode, upon which it announces its advent by butting on the door. The purposeful gait of the goats lends humorous relief to the forbidding atmosphere. It is almost as though the members of the herd were themselves conscious of need for a respite from the prevailing solemnity.

The possible Phoenician extraction of the townsmen from those who escaped from the sack of Carthage shows itself in certain signs and customs, suggesting Carthaginian rather than Arab or Jewish ancestry. The door knockers of phallic form; pictures of fish, the sun and the stars, non-Moslem or Jewish symbols, adorn their doors; the practice of primitive rites at the laying of foundation stones, at harvest and time of planting, when goats and camels are sacrificed. Offerings are placed on the tombs of the dead, and cemeteries consecrated as holy places and as sanctuaries for criminals.

The Mzabite is primarily a merchant and town dweller, not a countryman. He has few interests beyond his trade, and if possible employs other men to tend his cattle and raise his crops. As before noted, however, far as he may travel on his lawful occasions, he always returns to his city as a permanent home. A mile or so from Ghardaia, in the oasis or summer quarters of the community, we were able to watch the ingenious mechanism of the wells and the system of irrigation which they supply. Below the well-head, flanked on either side by stone channels, is a slype or sloping run-way, up and down which passes a mule or camel, attached by a rope to the well bucket. At the point furthest from the well, the bucket rises to the top and empties itself by some ingenious method into the channels, from whence, in turn, it irrigates the fruit and vegetable enclosures below. The animal then re-descends, the bucket is automatically lowered, and the process repeated. The method has, apparently, never been improved upon, and, as far as I could judge, operates with extreme efficiency.

§ R. V. C. Bodley (1947). *Wind in the Sahara*. London. Robert Hale, Ltd.

Bodley emphasizes that the austere outlook and manner of life of the Mzabite are his most marked characteristics. He is not gregarious. As far as possible he avoids the trend of modern progress. The atmosphere of his cities is medieval or earlier. He may temporarily mix with, and apparently imbibe, the ideas and customs of other civilisations, but at heart he remains an individualist according to his traditions, always returning to his own environment, unimpinged upon by the customs of modern life.

A party of Mzabite inhabitants, lunching round a well in their oasis, offered us a spoonful of their highly spiced *cous-cous*. The man of the desert, whatever his descent, is fundamentally courteous to a stranger, however alien. They even smiled at us. Perhaps the Mzabite in his summer quarters is less puritanical and aloof than behind his city walls. Ghardaia, the capital, is scarcely less interesting than its satellite towns. The mosque, with its strange minaret, dominates the city. The walls, like those of the houses, are built of mud, and so are heat-resisting. The mosque is almost dark, without ornamentation. Adjoining the entrance lobby, in which the faithful (or heretics) leave their slippers, is a kind of cloakroom. Placed on one side is a skin filled with water, which Bodley truly describes as "the greatest token of charity in this country where water is more valuable than gold." Ghardaia is also a city of repressions, although, in my opinion, less so than Benisgen. Nevertheless, the children are shy, the older inhabitants aloof. The stranger is rather tolerated than welcomed. But the view of the blue-walled city from the roof of the mosque is an unforgettable sight, with the great reservoirs or tanks below planted with palms, and the interest and beauty of the whole scene in great degree compensate for the unwelcoming atmosphere produced by the inhabitants.

Here also one can see the girls from that strange community from the mountains, the Ouled Nails, some of the most famous dancers in the primitive world. They live in a special quarter of the town, but the performance we watched took place in a room there, probably attached to a dwelling from which they practised their vocation. Sitwell compares them to gypsies, with their "wide-limbed gypsy walk, their insolence, and their tawny skins." Their history is a strange one. As dancers and prostitutes, they come to the towns, ply their trade, and, in many instances, marry on the proceeds, and end their days in the harem. It is said that only in Ghardaia or Bou Saada itself can one see the genuine Ouled Nail dancers, but there are many imitations. The dances are interesting rather than beautiful, but many of the dancers were lovely and superlatively graceful in spite of their heavy limbs. The dances were accompanied by a drum and pipe of primitive type, producing strange, somewhat uncouth, music. Presenting many eastern features, these Mzabite cities are some of the most remarkable sights in North Africa, not only for their intrinsic beauty and unique character, but because of the aspect of life which they represent. Based upon a drama of fortitude and adaptation to circumstances of supreme hardship, evolving initiative and control of adverse conditions akin to genius, yet practising a philosophy and way of life essentially hostile to those around them, the Mzabite Communities are, to an incredible degree, self-sufficient not only as citizens, but as desert dwellers, asking nothing from any man, having wrested the secrets of prosperity and self-preservation from the wastes of the Sahara.

EVELYN CLARK.

THOUGHTS ON THE SOVIET PARTY CONGRESS

THE twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, in the estimate of Mikoyan, a First Vice-Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers and a member of the Party Praesidium, the "most important since the time of Lenin," met in Moscow in February. The 6-hour report presented by Khrushchev on the opening day set the tone for eleven days of speeches which generally consisted of variations on his themes. As expected, on the last day the Congress unanimously approved everything he had said. This is not surprising. But much of his speech differed so greatly from the repetitive dogmatism of the Stalin era that Mikoyan's assessment of this Congress is beyond dispute. Having buried Stalin, his collective heirs proceeded to lay his ghost. All the main speakers where at pains to dissociate themselves from the "cult of personality" and eager to enthuse over the refurbished doctrine of collective leadership. "It is regrettable that for the past 15 to 20 years very little use has been made of the treasure house of Lenin's ideas," said Mikoyan. At the previous Congress, in 1952, he had applied the term "treasure house" to Stalin's pamphlet *The Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR*, the value and correctness of which he now disputed in front of 1,355 delegates.

The unofficial reports of the secret session indicate that there Khrushchev went far beyond anything that may have been voiced in public by way of criticising Stalin. Some newspaper reports claim that a number of delegates broke down when Khrushchev listed Stalin's crimes and enlarged on their enormity. To the Western observer this appears surprising, for Stalin's misdeeds had been well known to the world and it is hardly credible that people mature enough to be sent as delegates to a Party Congress in Moscow can have been completely ignorant of them. The first reaction in the USSR to this violent attack on Stalin of which observers abroad received an inkling took place in Georgia, where surprisingly enough the denigration of the Transcaucasian Republic's son seems to have caused some unrest, particularly among University students. A number of *Pravda* editorials, echoed in the Chinese and East European press, and pronouncements by Communist leaders in all parts of the world have continued the process of putting Stalin in his place and explaining the harmful effects of the "cult of personality."

History is being rewritten: old Bolsheviks like Bubnov, who disappeared during Stalin's purges, have been released from prison and others, silenced for many years, are writing letters to the editor of *Pravda*; the previously unmentionable names of men like Marshals Blukher and Yegorov have been cleared; executed traitors, like Rajk in Hungary and Kostov in Bulgaria, and imprisoned deviationists like Gomulka in Poland, are being rehabilitated by the men who engineered their downfall. The Western Communist Parties are having a difficult time in trying to follow all the latest changes in the Party line, although there is little doubt that they will continue to receive their instructions from Moscow despite the formal dissolution of the Cominform. Insofar as this move away from Stalinism leads to the release of some of the thousands of unjustly jailed in the USSR and Eastern Europe and to a more benevolent application of the Communist despotism it is to be welcomed and encouraged. On the other hand, the

abandonment of Stalinist methods must not be confused with a change in fundamental Communist policies. On the contrary, by making Communism more acceptable and more efficient, the collective leadership have greatly improved their chance of attaining its ultimate aims.

This effort to draw new inspiration and revolutionary fervour from the pure wells of Leninism loses much of its impact when it is realised that less than a quarter of the Congress delegates were Party members at the time of Lenin's death. The enthusiasm for collective leadership displayed by Khrushchev and his present colleagues must be judged against the background of their nauseating adulation of the golden calf of Stalinism and of their previous public idolatry of the man to whom they owe their careers. The idea of collective leadership was not invented after Stalin's death. Lenin claimed to believe in it, and Stalin certainly paid lip-service to it in the twenties. The present leaders were quick to resurrect it after his death, and the elimination of Beria is attributed to the "fruitful influence of the Lenin method of leadership" acclaimed by Mikoyan. It was he who admitted to the Congress that collective leadership had been lacking for 20 years with "inevitably negative effects." Despite the protestations of the present Soviet chiefs that collective leadership has come to stay, it is for them mainly a means of preventing a return to a one-man dictatorship with its incalculable consequences. Parading their collective respectability, they made a beginning by removing the least respectable and potentially the most powerful of their number in the person of Beria. As a further step Khrushchev made a play of insisting on more of the trappings of pseudo-parliamentarianism by calling for more frequent meetings of Republican legislatures and deprecating a "patronising attitude" towards the non-Russian nationalities of the USSR.

The fact that the Party Praesidium has remained unchanged, despite the opportunity for dropping Malenkov and Molotov, both of whom had committed errors in the eyes of the Party, indicates that the façade of collective leadership is to be maintained for the time being. The election of Marshal Zhukov as apparently the senior of the alternate members of the Praesidium—the first time that a *bona fide* soldier has occupied so important a Party post—proves that the army continues to play an important part, and after its experience with Stalin this seems to be a guarantee against the re-establishment of a one-man dictatorship by a civilian. Mikoyan in effect condemned Stalinist foreign policy by stressing the striking successes of Soviet diplomacy since Stalin's death. His claim that it was now being conducted on "a calm level and without abuse" seems strange in relation to the bad manners of Khrushchev in India, Burma and Yugoslavia. Nevertheless it must be admitted that he was right when he said that the Soviet Government had not been afraid to undo some of the mistakes of the past and that "a more active and elastic policy" was now being pursued.

The most spectacular mistake which has been corrected was in Soviet-Yugoslav relations. Mikoyan said that only "true Leninists" were capable of taking such a "courageous step," implying that Stalin, the originator of the Cominform dispute, had not been a true Leninist. By normalising relations with Yugoslavia the present Soviet leaders have admitted that Tito's original argument that various countries could proceed towards Communism along different roads was correct. At the Congress Khrushchev

and other prominent Party leaders amended Lenin's and Stalin's doctrine about the inevitability of violence as a prelude to the establishment of a Communist society. He said that "the transition to socialism need not be associated with civil war under all circumstances," but was quick to add that Communists recognised "the necessity for a revolutionary transformation of a capitalist society into a socialist one." He stressed unequivocally that the use or non-use of violence during the transition depended on the extent of the resistance offered by the ruling classes. In other words, any society effete and stupid enough to allow itself to be swallowed up by Communism will be spared a clash on the barricades.

Taking advantage of the universal abhorrence of war Khrushchev appealed for a united front of all "progressive forces" to prevent it and to co-operate in "defeating reactionary forces." This is to be done by "capturing stable majorities in parliament" and transforming it into "a genuine instrument of the popular will." It must be remembered that when the Communists speak of "socialism" they mean something different from the West European idea which they generally dismiss with contempt as mere reformism. Now, however, they are again prepared to ally themselves with anyone who can help them to attain their end. In the field of foreign policy the Congress confirmed the policy of peaceful coexistence which the USSR has been advantageously exploiting since Stalin's death. At the same time there was no indication that the USSR would even discuss the abandonment of any of the positions won as the result of Stalinist imperialism. The Russians know that the West will take no steps to upset the status quo. Peaceful coexistence gives them time to take advantage of the mistakes of the West and to engage the sympathy of the uncommitted countries of Asia and the Middle East. The advisability of achieving Communism without war must have become apparent to all the delegates after they heard Marshal Zhukov say that "it is impossible to fight without receiving counter-blows. If you want to inflict atomic blows on your enemy you must be ready to receive counter-blows." As long as the Communists think that the world will fall into their lap without a war, they will remain the most ardent champions of coexistence.

In order to understand Soviet plans for the future the world must be seen through the eyes of Moscow. The Soviet leaders appear convinced that capitalism is doomed. They believe that more and more people will take their road towards "socialism," that the economic potential of the USSR will oustrip that of the West in the near future, and that the millions of Asia and Africa are lost to the West. It is therefore not surprising that the picture presented by the leaders was one of strength and confidence. They say that the future belongs to them. It is up to those who still value the freedom of the individual to prove them wrong.

ANDREW HAVEN.



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE PURITAN REVOLUTION

The Puritan conscience and the Puritan tradition have not disappeared in England, but among the younger historians writing of that key-epoch, the conflict of the seventeenth century, they are temporarily in eclipse. The economic, the constitutional and the administrative elements in the struggle are commonly given more prominence. We have to look to America, where the Puritan tradition is still understood—and because understood respected—for the most enlightening modern works on the ideas behind the Puritan Revolution. The publication of Dr. Haller's book is an important event for seventeenth century scholarship. His first work *The Rise of Puritanism*, published in 1938, carried the story of English Puritan ideas from the Elizabethan settlement to the eve of the Civil Wars. This second book describes the proliferation of Puritan ideas during the eventful nine years from the calling of the Long Parliament to the execution of the King, Charles I.

Workers in this inspiring but confusing epoch know all too well the sense of bewilderment which arises from the study of its gigantic pamphlet literature—thirty thousand tracts, or thereabouts, in the great Thomason collection in the British Museum alone, not to mention the thousands more in collections of varying magnitude scattered throughout the great libraries of England and the United States. The reader, however clear-minded, feels after a few weeks among these as though he were being shouted at by hundreds of urgent voices and pelted with ideas from every point of the compass until he loses direction. Few earlier investigators can have read so widely and so calmly among these pamphlets as has Dr. Haller. He has brought to their study human insight and spiritual understanding; his sense of humour makes his comments pleasing as they are wise, while his gravity of purpose and his respect for human effort forbids him to assume an air of intellectual superiority or to indulge in a facile sneer even at the wildest and most ingenuous aspirations of our forefathers. He has done immeasurable service to all future students of the seventeenth century by steadily mapping out the course of Puritan ideas over these frantic, fruitful years.

Puritanism, he points out, was in essence a desire to reform the Church beyond the modest limits of the Elizabethan settlement; but it was also a desire to preach the Word of God. Its reforming zeal could be, and was, curbed but the preaching zeal could never be stifled. Thus in 1640 when restraints were removed the two aspects of Puritanism burst forth with unexampled and almost desperate energy—the politico-religious ideals of reform and the passionate, often highly individual interpretation of the Word. Puritanism is, I quote from Dr. Haller again, English Protestantism in “its most dynamic form and before it had run its course it had transfused in large measure the whole of English life.” That transfusion took place during the sixteen-forties.

The torrent of ideas which gushed out in those years sprang from events in the political field. It is unwise—although it has been done—to study the ideas of an epoch apart from its physical happenings. The history of ideas ought properly speaking to be the history of the interplay between ideas and experience, and—again I use Dr. Haller's words—“more often than not old ideas and new experience in the lives of the people concerned.” He shows therefore how and why the religious and political concepts of the Puritans changed, developed and strove with each other as the struggle went “from situation to situation and from crisis to crisis.” It was a time of continuing crises and of recurrent surprises. The Puritans set out to free themselves from the joint oppression of Church and State; through their liberty they hoped to achieve a “godly reformation.” Almost immediately it became clear that there were many different ideas about the meaning of liberty and the nature of reformation. Also, they were from 1642 onwards fighting a war, so that the harsh necessity of preserving the seat of government, of keeping the

finances of the country in some kind of order, and of maintaining discipline in the army altered the practice of their doctrines and ultimately the theory behind them.

In a series of luminous chapters Dr. Haller provides a masterly elucidation of the political story, illustrating it with quotations which reflect the variety of Puritan thought and with lively character sketches of the principal protagonists. John Goodwin, the "great Red Dragon of Coleman Street," preaching the Word for the Independent point of view; the wise Alexander Henderson, ablest and finest of the Presbyterian Scots, who saw that Christ's kingdom may not be of this world, but is certainly *in* it; Roger Williams who, upset the apple-cart with his plea for toleration, even for Papists, even for multiple-married Turks; Walwyn, Overton, Lilburne and the Levellers, who twisted the Government's tail with so much courage and so much evident enjoyment—all these and many more live in these pages. This is not just a learned book about the fruitful or eccentric ideas of a fruitful and eccentric epoch. It is a great story well told, a story of adventures in the world of thought, as they grew out of and grew into the greatest political struggle in English history. No-one reading Dr. Haller's quotations or following his own clear and persuasive style can fail to realise that it is also, triumphantly, one of the great epochs of English literature.

The story ends, as all developments in the history of human ideas must end, on a note of question, almost in a sense of failure. The civil war is over. Puritanism has triumphed. The terrible logic of the situation has brought a King to the scaffold. But Lilburne, the people's champion, the great democrat, is not the victor. The Puritans face each other in vigorous division. Liberty has not solved the crucial questions of Church and State; it has only sharpened and deepened them. Ultimately the country had to be governed. Order had to be restored. The power of the Puritan army, Dr. Haller writes, depended "not upon its becoming a democratic representative assembly . . . but upon its continuing to function effectively as a military force. Practical politics cuts across theory and ideals. But the aspirations of the extreme wing of the Puritans continued fruitful after their defeat in the political sphere. The whole torrent of ideas—"the intermingled traditions of Reformation and Renaissance"—saturated the English way of thinking and is still dominant in the English-speaking world today.

The lesson—and all good history must ultimately teach a lesson—is one that we ought to ponder. The Puritans "sought liberty expecting reformation"; they sought the New Jerusalem but achieved instead certain changes in government which foreshadowed the modern English State. Perhaps, Dr. Haller suggests, they mistook liberty for an end in itself, or at least for something which would automatically produce the end they desired. "Liberty," he writes, "is not itself the solution to problems, but the condition which makes solution possible."

C. V. WEDGWOOD

Liberty and Reformation in the Puritan Revolution. By William Haller. Columbia University Press and Oxford University Press. 48s.

THE MAZE OF HISTORY

Readers of Professor Geyl's recent *Debates with Historians* will welcome the little volume entitled *Use and Abuse of History* which summarises his reflections on the branch of learning to which he has devoted his life. In the three lectures delivered in America which fill less than a hundred pages the Utrecht Professor once again speaks "not as a philosopher but as a historian." He has no use for the dogmatic system-makers from Augustine to Bossuet which claim to discover in the welter of world history the progressive realisation of some divine plan. Everyone has a right to his own beliefs, but let us not call them history. Worthwhile historical scholarship began when ideological propaganda went out of favour. It dates from the foundation of the University of Berlin in 1810, when the idea of organic evolution and the critical use of authorities transformed our whole approach to the evolution of

mankind. All "philosophies of history" suffer from the original sin of oversimplification, claiming to know and to understand much more than we do, for "certainty in history is beyond the grasp of the human mind. The most we can hope for is an approximation to the real truth about the past." No agreed philosophy or science of history has been discovered, and I share the author's conviction that it never will be. The duty of historians, he declares, is to show up the myths and tell the world all we can find about the past. Once again he breaks a lance with Arnold Toynbee whom he charges with basing his system not on observation of facts but on an ideology which he imported into and tries to impose on history. "A mighty maze but not without a plan," sang Pope; but no historian as such can discern it, and his guesses possess no more authority than those of a layman. History and philosophy are equal but independent disciplines. No portion of these stimulating discourses is of deeper interest than the analysis of the views of Nietzsche, who denounced what the Germans call 'Historismus' and we may call relativism as taking the life and colour and punch out of the annals of *homo sapiens*. Relativism, of course, like all other formulas, can be pushed too far if it ignores all values and adopts an attitude of passive acceptance of phenomena almost like a recording instrument. Do not let life be imprisoned by history, cried Nietzsche, the oracle of rebels and revolutionaries. Professor Geyl is neither an oracle nor a rebel but a calm, conscientious, erudite scholar who has given prolonged thought to the problems of his craft. His lectures resemble a douche of cold water—rather a shock, perhaps, to some readers but a bracing experience for all who do not shrink from the discussion of ultimate problems of life and thought.

G. P. GOOCH

Use and Abuse of History. By Peter Geyl. Yale University Press and Oxford University Press. 20s.

DEMOCRACY IN THE CLASSICS

Athens is the mint at which our political terms were coined. First 'politics' itself: then every familiar form of it, as 'tyranny,' 'monarchy,' 'autocracy,' 'oligarchy,' 'theocracy,' 'aristocracy,' 'democracy.' To these the nineteenth century added 'bureaucracy' and 'dyarchy'—borrowing and mixing in one instance and coining carefully and uselessly in the other; for the thing itself went out of use. Athens did more. It provided the first and most conspicuous example of pure democracy of which we know. It gave the clue and provided a subject for the greatest Attic writers. The subject was the ruin of the Athenian empire and all that followed. The tale continues in the story of Rome. Greek culture spread round the Mediterranean world. Rome in her grandeur sought to imitate the arts of Hellas. She passed at the turn of our era from a republic, or democracy, in form, to the Principate, an autocracy veiled. The Greek Demos was hidden beneath the throne. Again a writer of genius dragged the idol to light. A soldier of genius had set his heel upon it in vain.

Three writers here give us aspects of the same theme. None has greater vividness than Aristophanes in Dr. Murray's translation. Are we in the fifth century B.C. or our own when we read:

Hash things, and cook things. Win the common herd
By strong sweet sauces in your every word.
For other gifts, you have half the catalogue
Already, for the perfect demagogue;
A blood-shot voice, low breeding, huckster's tricks—
What more can man require for politics?

Much more we find as the play develops. For the man who was already half a politician was no more by profession than an offal-monger or sausage-maker. His rival Cleon had nothing whatever to learn. He knew more about winning battles than the best generals because he had been a poor soldier. He knew more about taxes than others because he never paid any. He knew more about the law

than trained senators because he knew how to sway a jury. He was clever enough to get guilty men "listed in a higher income group" (Dr. Murray's free translation). The guilty men were those guilty of wealth and lack of political influence. Yet Cleon was not clever enough to avoid the consequences of his bragging. He had said in the Assembly that if he were in command he would bring the Spartans in as prisoners in twenty days. The Assembly made him swallow or uphold his words. He arrived with fresh troops when a planned assault was beginning. On the second night it met with complete success. "Cleon's lunatic promise was fulfilled," wrote Thucydides. But Thucydides tells also the final chapter. "The Athenians were beaten at all points and altogether. . . . They were totally destroyed—their fleet, their army, everything—and few out of many returned home."

The *Commentaries* of Julius Caesar provide a Roman answer to democratic dreams. He treated them as insurrections. His success was to bring him to the Ides of March. But are the *Commentaries* a straightforward soldier's tale or something more? Are they disguised propaganda—"a subtle political pamphlet beginning with 'All Gaul is divided into three parts' "? Professor Adcock in this stimulating work seeks an answer. He is too careful a scholar to offer a downright 'yes' or 'no.' But those who left off Caesar when they had learnt to construe him will be rewarded if they think again. Two young Roman aristocrats went to Athens in the first century B.C. One was Cicero, the other Caesar. Both became accomplished Greek scholars; they perished as enemies. No idle word was likely to pass a mind so trained. His battle-pieces stand by themselves alongside those of Thucydides. We must then (if we follow Professor Adcock) read Caesar again with an ear open to literary graces: to action bursting into words and to silent eloquence. Rich reward awaits us, let our Latin be rusty or our memory sluggish.

Tacitus equally had little use for policies he thought half-baked. He was master of the ironic compliment which Gibbon imitated. "They make a desolation and they call it peace." But that comes from *Agricola*. Dr. Michael Grant has translated the *Annals*, which tell of the reigns of the earlier Emperors from just before the death of Augustus to that of Nero—a period (he writes) "still of infinite significance." Who knows of the deeds of Nero at first hand? Nobody can know except from the *Annals*, the only contemporary account. Here they are translated into the English of our own day (not American) and provided with maps, lists of rulers and a key to technical terms.

WILLIAM THOMSON HILL

The Knights. By Aristophanes. Trans. Gilbert Murray. Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.
Caesar as Man of Letters. By F. E. Adcock. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.
Tacitus on Imperial Rome. Trans. and Introduction by Michael Grant. Penguin Books. 5s.

THE TRUMAN MEMOIRS

"This mess of literary trash"; "A pack of drivel from end to end"—thus the *Savannah Morning News* on the second volume of *The Truman Memoirs*. American politics are still in the Eatanswill age, and Mr. Truman himself is no exception to the general rule, though he uses more subtle turns of phrase and reserves his abuse for justifiable targets. In this second volume of his memoirs he has sharp comments to make on both General MacArthur and President Eisenhower and, in small measure but very surprisingly, on Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who has noticeably forfeited his support in the current campaign.

It is less readable than the first volume, not through any change in style, but because it deals, in the main, with peculiarly American problems or with peculiarly American aspects of international problems, and consequently much of it to European eyes lacks interest. There are *longeurs* which were absent from the earlier book. All the same, the portrait which emerged from *Year of Decisions* is confirmed, and appears more finely etched than before. President Truman was clearly a man who knows his own mind and who, in public life, was prepared to stick by his decisions no matter how unpopular they might be. Indeed the usual effect of

opposition was to make him more stubborn for his own viewpoint, as in the case of his National Health proposals or in his refusal to countenance handing over the under-sea oil to the Maritime States. Tough in domestic politics, he was equally tough in international questions. One of his criticisms of Adlai Stevenson is that he allowed "himself to go on the defensive in Cleveland and other cities on the question of so-called Communists in Government. The most brazen lie of the century had been fabricated by reckless demagogues among the Republicans to the effect that Democrats were soft on Communists. . . . The historic fact is that it was under a Democratic administration that these economic and military measures were taken which saved western civilisation from Communist control." There, in his own words, lies President Truman's real claim to fame. Aid to Greece and Turkey, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin air-lift, NATO, and finally Korea: these were the steps, each inspired by the White House or the State Department, which brought the free world through the dangers of the immediate post-war period to its present state of uneasy equilibrium with the East. It is clear from the emphasis he puts on these aspects of his policy, not from any overt claim, that he sees the United States under his guidance as the saviour of the free way of life. We, in Europe, would be hard put to it to argue the point, and it is significant that even the Republicans actually give battle only on the limited field of certain personal issues, and have never challenged the principles of his policy as such. On Mr. Truman's side the names of Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White never appear in his book. One final comment: in the contrast between his support of Dean Acheson and his attack on General MacArthur, President Truman can be seen to enjoy in high measure what is probably the highest of the political virtues—absolute loyalty to those who have helped him and uncompromising hostility to those who have let him down. In a mechanistic age there seems something warmly Roman in that quality.

J. H. MACCALLUM SCOTT

The Truman Memoirs: Volume II, Years of Toil and Hope. Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.

PERÓN IN PERSPECTIVE

A century and more ago Latin America was of considerable significance to this country. British capital and British engineers were closely concerned with its development, and British investors for their dividends. Today Latin America enjoys a world significance. The United States, France, Germany, Italy, Japan—and even the Soviet Union—follow developments there with close attention, and United States, French, German, Italian and Japanese investments in, and trade with, Latin America have grown substantially in recent years. But Britain, precursor of Latin American development, has lost her initial advantage. Certainly the economic picture there has changed, and Latin America is no longer an easy source of dividends. But rather than recognise the reasons for that change, and the fact that, despite it, opportunity still knocks no less excitingly than in the past, we have tended to turn our backs on Spanish America and on Brazil.

It may be that this change of attitude is due to lack of information. In the dawn of Latin American economic expansion in the nineteenth century the newly-liberated republics were subjects for many books written with sympathy and skill by British authors. Today those books are minor classics on the more highly-priced shelves of antiquarian booksellers, and all too little has been written, in Britain at least, to take their place. Thus Latin America has become *terra quasi incognita* for the average person in this country—the more so as the British press, with a few exceptions, virtually ignores the republics and their problems. In recent years the Royal Institute of International Affairs has made a sustained effort to fill this gap in our knowledge by publishing a series of books on individual Latin American States. The conception has been "to give a concise but comprehensive picture of the political, social and economic conditions in those countries for the benefit of the non-specialist reader and student." Not all these volumes have

achieved that object; some have been written with little evident sympathy for the country which is their subject, while others have largely ignored the history wherein the answers to so many contemporary Latin American questions are to be found.

Mr. George Pendle, author of three of the books in this series, may be absolved from these criticisms, for in each case he has approached his subject with an understanding—although not uncritical—sympathy, coupled with a sense of the importance of history in its application to the contemporary scene. These qualities are nowhere more evident than in his latest volume, on Argentina, a country which, perhaps, has suffered more misrepresentation than most in recent years. Insofar as the general public has been aware of developments in Argentina in the last decade it has based its views on what it has read of General Perón—of the ruthlessness of his rule, and of the unfairness of his treatment of foreign capital. Since his downfall there have been almost triumphant reports of the damage suffered by the Argentine economy, allegedly as the result of his policies. Yet it is a fact that General Perón was in many respects a modern manifestation of old traditions in a country that has never known democracy as we understand it; that anti-clericalism was a prominent feature of Argentine politics before he was born; and that his economic policies were largely a reflection of a contemporary general trend in Latin America. It is the particular merit of Mr. Pendle's book that, in seeking not to excuse General Perón but to explain him, it sets the last decade of Argentine development in its proper perspective.

N. P. MACDONALD

Argentina. By George Pendle. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 12s. 6d.

THE REBUILDING OF ITALY

The story of contemporary Italy is not an interesting one from the point of view of narrative, and Miss Grindod does not attempt to make it so. But here is a book written by a woman who knows thoroughly what she is talking about and has given a sincere and competent attention to Italian problems. She duly appreciates the people and their effort to set the country on its feet when it was slithering in the mess made by the vicissitudes of fighting first on one side then on the other with three different sets of invaders. She gives nothing but the truth both of its succession of ministries and of the economic problem which they have gone far to solve. Though the book suffers from too easy a tolerance of the sinister side of the resistance it is an excellent outline of political events and economic developments.

What, then, is the story it has to tell? At the end of the war Italy suffered from the pretence that Communists were more reliable than Fascists. In spite of that the Demo-Christians, as they are called, have remained solidly in power—longer in fact than any other Government in Europe. The book traces the path on which the country settled down under the capable leadership of De Gasperi and has remained settled under his less able successors Signor Pella and Signor Scelba. Its story stops in July 1955, when the present Prime Minister, Dr. Segni, was accepted as the head of the Government. A Sardinian landlord who was once Rector of the University of Sassari, he is a refined and distinguished personality who, while stressing his attachment to the Church, has joined with the new President Dr. Gronchi to give a socialist leaning to the policy of a Government which carries on by a succession of compromises. Italy could not have succeeded in righting herself but for American aid; between 1945 and 1952 the aid thus given amounted to no less than 2,390 million dollars, a sum averaging say £120,000,000 a year. By 1952 the country had begun to run smoothly again, large sums having been spread among the masses and prices rising accordingly. In 1955 Vanoni, who died in February of this year, initiated his ten year plan to increase the national income and wipe out unemployment. This plan centres on the hope of foreign investment. The recent visit of the President to the United States had one major concern: to induce Americans to place large amounts in Italy to supplement the loan already made to the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno* (a fund for the development of the south) and the

300 million Swiss Francs to various other companies. The feature of recent years has been the attention given to the development of the south, especially through the sum already mentioned; for up to now it has remained backward and impoverished. Governments have feared that the poverty would lead to Communism, but the Communists have been stronger in the north where the people are better off.

Miss Grindod's competence does not lessen when she has to deal with the question of Trieste; nevertheless there are some big considerations which she does not mention: the unceasing depreciation of the currency with all this means of anxiety to the less enterprising and the more professional people in the country; the fear of any authority which alone could check that depreciation, and the appalling way the middleman now exploits both consumer and producer. In Great Britain much of the direction is perforce in the hands of the economic specialist; in Italy these economic specialists have been at the head of important ministries. Since the fall of the monarchy the country has been largely governed by professors; but even in universities professors sometimes intrigue, and intrigues have somewhat weakened the administration at Rome. One finishes this informative book asking whether the lack of leadership is the reason for the intrigues, and is Italy as secure in concentrating on material prosperity as Miss Grindod seems to suggest? The material recovery of the country has been striking indeed and may well increase. Italy is free from the African problems which torment France, and has in the Papacy a traditional fulcrum which France lacks. But if these things are reassuring, there is ground for disquiet in the lack of standards in an undisciplined youth.

ROBERT SENCOURT

The Rebuilding of Italy: Politics and Economics, 1945-1955. By Muriel Grindod. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 21s.

BERLIN IN WARTIME

Theodor Plievier died in 1955 a short time after completing with his *Berlin* the trilogy begun with *Stalingrad* and *Moskau*. He had already acquired a considerable reputation between the wars as a critic of the Kaiser's Germany and Prussian militarism, but it is on this trilogy that his reputation is likely to rest. The names of these three towns symbolise, at any rate for the Germans, the criminal folly of the Nazi regime and the various stages, including the final failure, of its struggle for world mastery; the canvas is vast and Plievier has done justice to it. Although *Berlin* like its two predecessors, may not be a great work of art—it is a *Dokumentarroman* and has some elements of reportage in it—it is nevertheless a book that had to be written. Without it and its two companions there would have been a gap in the process of the spiritual and intellectual readjustment of Germany since 1945. For sooner or later the Germans had to come to grips with the problem of the Third Reich which after all cannot be simply shrugged off; they also had to be shown it from other points of view. If Plievier is cold-shouldered by some Germans because he was "outside" during the war, it is doubtful if a writer who had not emigrated could have done the task he set himself and shown the Germans as effectively the other side of the picture. The second part of *Berlin* at any rate is written from first-hand observation since he lived in the Soviet zone until 1947. Thus it represents not only an arraignment of the whole totalitarian system on both sides and an eloquent plea for the tortured individual but also an *examen de conscience*.

Plievier had always championed the underdog, the individual suffering from the "system." *Berlin* completes the epic of the "little man." Though the hero is collective and no figure really claims the main interest of the reader, he shows this collective hero to be made up of innumerable individuals, who are insignificant and appear anonymous only by contrast with the inhuman, gigantic machine of a totalitarian State. By stressing their feebleness and vulnerability he pleads for their recognition as individuals. The story begins in April 1945, and the first half of the book gives an eloquent description of the chaos of the last few weeks of fighting in

and around Berlin. The picture of its capture and of the last days in Hitler's bunker is impressive in its accumulation of scenes of horror. Goebbels was right in saying, "when we leave the stage, the earth will tremble." Equally interesting is the description of the first days after the cease-fire. Germany has cast off her disguise as a monolithic *Volksgemeinschaft*. Russians and Germans gradually discover the human being so long hidden behind the uniform of an enemy. Increasing numbers are prepared to collaborate, among them some rabid Nazis who prove that in a totalitarian regime the doctrine is of little importance to the opportunist and that the men who make a career in such a regime usually are opportunists. Perhaps the most interesting part is the second half which shows how eastern Germany was Sovietised; how the surviving opponents of the Nazis, now in positions of responsibility and inspired by the most decent motives, were exploited by the party, forced by degrees to make more and more compromises with their conscience until they either finally surrendered their individuality or escaped. Just as in *Stalingrad* and *Moskau* there is a positive message in *Berlin*: human nature does survive. A captured German colonel eventually finds that he and the Russian general who has interrogated him at intervals for years have in fact established a bond of human understanding based on mutual respect for the individual.

NICOLAS SOLLOHUB

Berlin. By Theodor Plievier. Kurt Desch Verlag. DM. 16.80.

(A study of Plievier's *Stalingrad* and *Moskau* by this writer appeared in this journal in October 1953.)

AUSTRIA'S REVIVAL

The Austrian Vice-Chancellor Dr. Adolf Schaerf, leader of the Socialist Party, provides a most instructive and interesting picture of the achievements of his country since the end of the war. If one remembers the terrible catastrophies which befell the first Austrian republic and the subsequent disasters, the political, economic and cultural revival appears to be a miracle. It was made possible by the fact that the western Allies did not leave Austria to the good will of the Soviet Union, as they did with fourteen other European nations, but secured a joint occupation. They have also made a generous contribution to rebuilding economic life, in particular by means of Marshall Aid, though the Soviet Government took about as much out of Austria as America and the other Allies put in. Yet the marvellous rise of the new republic was mainly the work of the Austrians themselves. The two great parties of the Right and the Left, which are of about equal strength, concluded and maintained a coalition, determined to prevent any relapse into the bitter party strife which had plunged Austria into civil war and Nazi bondage. Dr. Schaerf admits that the former hostile relations between the parties were not exclusively due to the adversaries, and he relates what measures were taken to prevent unnecessary friction and to encourage co-operation. Under the Nazi regime many Social Democratic leaders were in concentration camps together with politicians of other parties, and this led to friendly relations. It even became the custom that all former prisoners of the Nazis addressed one another with "thou," which in the German language is usual among members of a family or intimate friends only. The members of the post-war Government, irrespective of party, followed the same custom, though in 1949 relations became slightly less friendly.

The Vice-Chancellor lays great stress upon the fact that his party avoided the error, fatal to democracy in many countries, of an association with the Communists who were indefatigably propagating a "Popular Front." For a long time not only prominent Social Democrats but even Conservatives and official representatives of the Allies supported this plan. But Dr. Schaerf convinced his party that this road led to ruin, and every approach of the Communists was turned down. Several times the latter then tried to seize power by force, backed by the rulers of the Russian zone. But these attempts of Moscow's fifth column also foundered on the resistance of most of the workers. The Communists aimed at a "People's

Democracy" in the Russian Zone. At the elections they sought to win votes by the camouflage of new parties called Left Block or People's Opposition. They had plenty of money, a large staff of professional agitators, and no less than thirty-nine periodicals. The result of all these efforts was that at the last elections the parties set up by the Communists polled a little over five per cent and secured one seat in the Parliament. Dr. Schaerf's book also gives much information on the social and economic policy of Austria which has gone far to render the workers loyal supporters of democracy.

FREDERICK HERTZ

Oesterreichs Erneuerung, 1945-1955. By Adolf Schaerf. Wiener Volksbuchhandlung.

GALLANT LITTLE COUNTRIES

Mr. Shirer, so well known for his *Berlin Diary*, turns here to a very different scene. Yet King Haakon told him that before the war he had kept a copy of *Mein Kampf* on his desk and he marked many passages. "There was one," he said, "which particularly struck me, the one in which Hitler said that no nation which would not fight in self-defence was worthy of survival." Here we have details of what the splendid Norwegian resistance movement accomplished, at home, despite the 336 executions and the 2,000 others who died from torture and starvation. The merchant fleet, one of the largest in the world, sailed in the service of the Allies, despite all the German ruthlessness against it. In Sweden Mr. Shirer found a good number of people who spoke frankly of their misgivings over their country's neutrality policy during the war; yet they were able as neutrals to give more humanitarian aid to Norwegians and Danes than would have been possible if they had been occupied by the Germans. Holland and Greece were likewise aided to a vast extent. Refugees were welcomed from everywhere, for instance 100,000 Finnish children were accommodated in private Swedish homes.

The section of the book devoted to Finland is admirable. The Finns have fought against terrific odds, largely on account of their position between Russia and Sweden, to both of which they were obliged for centuries to belong. Swedish used to be the official language and Finland's great national poet, Runeberg, did not know enough Finnish to write in it; not until the middle of the nineteenth century did there appear one Elias Lönnrot, the son of a drunken rural tailor, who collected the national epic, the *Kalevala*, which had been sung in Finnish by village bards for a thousand years. There was a church law in the seventeenth century making it obligatory for everyone to learn to read and write; but this was looked upon with suspicion by the Czars and when the Finnish Diet passed a School Attendance Act the Emperor refused to sign it; it only became law when Finland achieved her independence. She is indeed a great little country. On Denmark Mr. Shirer is equally interesting, so that it is obvious how this book is a necessity for serious students of foreign affairs. The account of the defiance by which Mr. Kauffmann, the Danish Envoy in Washington, refused to obey Copenhagen when to his knowledge the Foreign Office there was acting under duress, and how the invaluable Greenland bases were thus preserved for the Allies, is as satisfactory as what happened to Mr. Kauffmann when he, at the end of the war, returned to his grateful king and country.

One might suppose that this Scandinavian book should not be joined in a review with two most painstaking volumes on Malta by another American writer, whose attention to detail is positively awe-inspiring; but we must remember that among the various foreign masters by whom Malta has been governed, the Scandinavians appeared when Count Roger the Norman came to Malta from Sicily with a small retinue to which the Arab garrison was unable to offer effective opposition. The Norman dynasty was succeeded by the Aragonese, by the Knights of St. John, by the French and the British. The main part of Professor Smith's dissertation is concerned with the pro-Italian Mizzi and the late Lord Strickland, whose mother

was Maltese, and who, says Professor Smith, was "the most controversial, the most debated figure in Maltese history." He founded a political party, the head of which is now his daughter, Miss Mabel Strickland; in view of what is happening today it is of interest to hear that as far back as 1886 Lord Strickland held the opinion that the day would come when Maltese would sit in the Imperial Parliament. Apparently none of those gentlemen will belong to his and his daughter's party, for at the last General Election not a single member thereof was elected to the Legislature, in spite of Miss Strickland being the owner and editor of *The Times of Malta*.

HENRY BAERLEIN

The Challenge of Scandinavia. By W. L. Shirer. Robert Hale. 21s.

Britain in Malta. By Harrison Smith. Progress Press, Malta. 26s. 6d. two volumes.

THE THERMONUCLEAR AGE

Admiral Biörklund, of the Swedish navy, has been a student of Russia for a generation and of thermonuclear science for a decade. In this book he surveys the available technical knowledge about atomic weapons. The pages are crammed with information, and include a large folding map of the distribution of the fissile material (uranium, thorium, lithium, etc.) throughout the world. The matter is brought up to date to June 1955. The author is at pains to establish the horrible nature and size of the potential menace to life and welfare, and to present it within the framework of the prevailing international relationships, with particular reference to the western-Soviet tension. The English in places is a little odd, perhaps because it is the joint work of translator and author; but that is not greatly important in a book of this kind, whose purpose, in large measure successfully achieved, is to summarise the hard facts in so vast and increasingly important a field. In what the author calls the "uranium fever" of 1946-1955 the supply of fissionable material has increased by leaps and bounds, a fact which makes it practically impossible for an adequate personnel ("up to 1,000,000 people would be hardly sufficient") and machinery of effective control to be organised. What the author therefore advocates is the "retention of the present balance of power" accompanied by an attempt at a gradual reduction in the most potent weapons of mass destruction. It must be confessed that the argument, as distinct from the information, submitted by the author is far from clear. He ignores the long-standing snag of the Russian differentiation between nuclear and conventional weapons, the transparent purpose of which has been to perpetuate Russia's preponderance in the one and to prohibit the other, a purpose not yet eliminated from the resultant frustration of the work of the United Nations Disarmament Commission. He likewise ignores the historic possibility, which is present to the minds of an increasing number of students, that the very horror of the prevailing danger may encourage the statesmen of the world to take the plunge into full disarmament, which is the only expedient for present safety and future security. Perhaps, however, the author intends, rather haltingly and not very clearly, to suggest something of this sort when he writes: "The obstinate resistance of human beings to thinking on a grand scale must be broken down by enlightened men and women devoting themselves to bringing about a spiritual nuclear fission that will put a stop to this urge to create more and more devastating, and for the existence of humanity risky, means of warfare for use in the struggle of the people of the world about how to achieve greater happiness."

GEORGE GLASGOW

International Atomic Policy During a Decade. By Admiral Elis Biörklund. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

DUBLIN UNDER THE GEORGES

The first edition of this book appeared in 1936, a second ten years later; this third edition has been thoroughly revised, many valuable footnotes have been added, and the text has been brought up to date. It has already become a classic. It is the

fruit of wide and enterprising research. It gives a very vivid impression of life in the Irish capital in the eighteenth century, which was certainly its most brilliant epoch. The first chapter, "The Course of Events," gives an excellent summary of the political history of the period. It is necessarily brief, and should be supplemented by the article of Dr. G. P. Gooch on "Great Britain and Ireland, 1792-1815," which appears in Volume IX of the *Cambridge Modern History*.

One must be grateful to Dr. Maxwell for her generous tribute to the Huguenot refugees for the importance of Dublin in the eighteenth century. The chief industrial wealth came from the woollen manufacture, which had been established by the Huguenot weavers who, receiving a cordial welcome in Ireland, had settled there with their families. In 1698 the industry is said to have given employment to as many as 12,000 Protestant families, and in 1792 there were at least sixty master clothiers, 400 broad looms, as well as more than a hundred narrow ones, producing cashmeres and beaver druggets.

Silk weaving in Dublin was also originated by Huguenots who had settled there about 1682. Their pocket handkerchiefs became famous and the poplins, consisting of a mixture of wool and silk, are still well known. The most important bank was that founded by the Huguenot, La Touche, who had first come to Ireland as an officer in the army of William of Orange; it was patronised by all the principal nobility and gentry, and was in such a strong position in 1778 that it was able to lend the Government £20,000, a very large sum for those days. At Marlay, the seat of the La Touche family, near Dublin, the *Masque of Comus* was acted. For this Grattan himself composed the Epilogue which was spoken by Miss La Touche, a famous beauty, who afterwards became Countess of Lanesborough.

Gandon, the great architect, was also of Huguenot origin, and Dublin owes him the Custom House, which took ten years to complete at a cost of nearly £300,000. Gandon also designed the Four Courts, which is perhaps the most attractive building in Dublin, as it stands in imposing grandeur with its long frontage on the river. Although both the Custom House and the Four Courts were much damaged in the troubles of recent years, the magnificent exteriors of both have withstood fire and shell, and the interiors have been rebuilt. "The Irish capital itself," Miss Maxwell tells us, "is still essentially a city of the past—an eloquent reminder of an old aristocratic society that, with all its faults, not only achieved distinction at home but upheld the standards of that age and even added to its culture."

DOUGLAS SAVORY

Dublin Under the Georges, 1714-1830. By Constantia Maxwell. Faber & Faber. 25s.

ARNOLD ROWNTREE

It must have been a happy task to write this record of a "big man with a big heart," as he was described, for his interests were many, and his straightforward goodness very refreshing. It will therefore be of interest to a larger circle than his fellow-Quakers. We are given some account of Arnold Rowntree's forbears—Quakers from the early days. His great-grandfather, John Rowntree, kept a grocery and drapery shop in Scarborough, thus starting the family connection with food, from which has developed the great chocolate business we know today. John's son, Joseph, moved to York in 1822, since when the family have given useful citizens to that city. So many of the family are mentioned that we almost need a genealogical table, just as we want a catalogue of Arnold Rowntree's activities, so numerous were they.

He was born in 1872, a healthy child of happy disposition. This was indeed a mercy, for he might have been harmed by the tragedy which overtook his family when he was three years old. His mother was driving him and three of his brothers and sisters when the horse bolted, crashing into a wall. She was killed, and all

but Arnold were injured. Till his father married again he and his sister Hilda were cared for by an aunt. This sunny disposition was a characteristic all his life. He had great aptitude for making and keeping friends, and was popular everywhere. The secret of this was in part his real interest in people as individuals, and with a great power of reconciling differences, so that his help was often asked for.

On leaving school, Arnold joined the family business, working in happy co-operation with his relations. He saw in business, not a mere money-making occupation, but a service to the community, and an opportunity for putting into practice his ideals and his religion. There was thus no break between his business, into which he threw himself with enthusiasm, and his work for the Society of Friends, of which he was a devoted member. He was greatly influenced by his friendship with his cousin, John Wilhelm Rowntree, whose early death was a great blow to Friends; his vision of a Quaker College took shape at Woodbrooke, near Birmingham, with which Arnold was associated throughout his life. It is quite impossible to summarise his range; we can only single out his educational interests in Friends' schools, his newspaper activities as a keen Liberal, and his political career as a Member of Parliament for some years. The book gives a vivid picture of this many-sided, intelligent and lovable man, whose life helped many people, and initiated and developed a number of good causes.

A. RUTH FRY

Arnold Rowntree: A Life. By Elfrida Vipont. Bannisdale Press. 12s. 6d.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

What a pleasure it is to read this lucid, scholarly, open-minded study of one of our greatest Elizabethans, written by one who has passed his ninetieth year and yet retains the outlook of a young man! Sidney, the versatile genius, has never been better portrayed than in this new biography; we see him as scholar, poet, traveller, courtier, soldier and passionate lover. Too often we think of him as a paragon of virtues only, but Dr. Boas shows that he was human enough to have failings as well as the noble virtues, indeed one who rode on the crest of the wave but knew the depths. We are grateful to Dr. Boas for leading us through the maze of the versions of *The Arcadia* with its complexities of action and character, together with its confusion of sex, all showing the teeming mind and great gifts of the poet. This alone was no easy task. Unlike some other biographers, Dr. Boas discusses Sidney's only known effort in dramatic form *The Lady of May*, a masque performed before the Queen at Wanstead where she paid a visit to Leicester. This masque with its sweet woodland notes, as lovely as anything in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and with its humorous character of Rombus the rural schoolmaster, whose ignorance Sidney good-humouredly ridicules, calls forth from the biographer regrets that, because of the dialogue and the characterisation shown, Sidney never tried more serious dramatic work. Dr. Boas draws attention to the heading in the manuscript of each five sections of the old *Arcadia* "as the first, second, etc. 'Book or Act' followed by the Eclogues. Thus Sidney," he continues, "while writing a romance, has also a dramatic model before him, and, as will be seen, much of the dialogue might be lifted straight into a play." This emphasis on the dramatic qualities in Sidney's works has not been recognised by his other biographers. With some exceptions Dr. Boas agrees with Sidney's views on the drama in his *Defence of Poesie*, and his analysis of the young poet's reply to Gosson's attack is one of the most interesting sections of this excellent book. Dr. Boas finds it difficult to reconcile the poetic claim of *Astrophel and Stella* with the other aspects of Sidney's life, but agrees that it is the major paradox in his varied career. This biography, presented here with judgement and sympathy, to borrow a phrase from the poet himself, "can both teach and delight."

THEODORA ROSCOE

Sir Philip Sidney: Representative Elizabethan. By Frederick S. Boas. Staples. 15s.

JOHN CLARE

Through John Clare's life and poetry there runs what we may call a Mary-Martha dialectic. Professor and Mrs. Tibble (the most consistent workers in the field of Clare studies) unfold this theme without reducing it to any facile schematisation. The Mary motif is the first to emerge. Attending a vestry-class at Glinton, along with Clare when he was a boy, was Mary Joyce, a farmer's daughter—"the stillest and most good-natured girl in the school." A childhood friendship grew between them which might have resulted in marriage had not the Enclosures Act lowered the status of the poet's parents while it exalted that of Mary's. "I was a lover very early in life" Clare confesses in his *Autobiography*, though in his *Sketches* he refers to his feelings as constituting "nothing but love in idea." But it was probably just this last romantic and fanciful strain in his attachment which made of Mary the poet's ideal. Long after, in his madness, Clare suffered from the obsession that he was married to Mary Joyce and had a number of children by her, though earlier, in his poem *The Nightmare*, he declares:

Possession has not cloyed my love, nor curst
Fancy's wild visions with reality.

But whether he thought of her as his wife, his lost or affianced love, Mary remained for Clare his Beatrice-figure, inspiring many of his finest madhouse lyrics, though ultimately his poetry was to reach beyond sex in its search for mystical union with nature:

I long for scenes, where man hath never trod,
A place where woman never smiled or wept.

True even to her very name, Martha Turner (or Patty, as he called her) symbolised the practical, industrious down-to-earth. She became Clare's wife, and was remembered as a sharp, lively, chattering, kindly woman. And often, in Clare's asylum musings, it would seem to him that he was married to both Mary Joyce and Martha Turner.

In his poetry, this double strand of vision is also to be noticed. Up to the outbreak of his insanity, his verse had kept its eye on the object. As Arthur Symonds well remarked: "There is no closer attention to nature than in Clare's poems; but the observation begins by being literal. . . . The things about him are the whole of his material, he does not choose them by preference out of others equally available; all his poems are made out of the incidents and feelings of humble life and the actual fields and flowers of his particular part of England." This is true of Clare's 'Martha poetry,' as we may term it, but in the 'Mary poetry' of his madness, as Arthur Symonds himself admits, "for the first time, Clare's lyrical quality gets really free." It disencumbers itself of minute descriptive detail, and from being a spaniel with its nose to the ground, rises like a lark in metaphysical freedom.

The strength of Professor and Mrs. Tibble's book is in its factual investigation. Their research into the poet's life amplifies and clarifies the anecdotes and rumours given by his myth. On Clare's publisher, John Taylor, and the poet's first alienist, Dr. Allen, they write in a careful, balanced fashion. They have also pursued their enquiries into Clare's reading and its impact on his own poetic practice. As the editors of the poet's *Letters and Prose*, they quote liberally from these sources, and the sound of Clare's vivid homely voice in these passages makes for a generally authentic impression. As literary critics, Professor and Mrs. Tibble are just and discerning commentators, but their understanding of the deeper issues in Clare's poetry (the 'pantheism' of his asylum pieces) is somewhat limited. Nor do they seek his comparative rank in the annals of English poetry.

DEREK STANFORD

John Clare: His Life and Poetry. By John and Anne Tibble. Heinemann. 25s.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

To say what each book is about because there won't be room for discussion as well, is the general intention of these three pages.

The gates of hell

But readers know only too sorrowfully what DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA (*J. M. Dent*. 18s.) is about; and many of us have shared for years his own appalled recognition that his malady would light the way to dusty death. So then, not to waste space on the pity and tragedy of spendthrift genius and a life slowly self-destroyed, we should ask ourselves why John Malcolm Brinnin wrote the book. Plainly his is a gentle nature stung beyond endurance to defend the purity of his motives, the sincerity of his devotion. Essential goodness so shines through the careful record that we acquit him of malice, moralizing and money-grabbing, either while he was engrossed in reading-tour business and the care of his friend or suffering the extraordinary culmination of that plague of people at the New York hospital "bent on seeing Dylan" as he lay dying. For those last hours indeed when "he slept far from the grotesque violence and grief that surrounded him" we could have wished more reticence in Mr. Brinnin, saddened and still unangered though he was. For the rest, his dauntless love and admiration of man and gifts must be its justification. He found, under the sordid, a tender and innocent quality that appealed to the protective impulse of all who knew Thomas; he discerned a cowering Puritan behind the wild extravagance and the defiant bad manners, and he comprehended exactly the unhappiness of the poet who knew that his creative period was done.

Wise in the terrible truth that Dylan "had an instinct for drawing to him those most capable of being annihilated by him" John Brinnin is wise too in the realization that Dylan's first talent was "for simple human relations," his natural ability being "to give himself to those who sought nothing from him." The boorish monosyllable, and the

stretch and verve of his conversation; the original title of *Under Milk Wood*, and his poems (as Dylan himself said) "in praise of God's world by a man who doesn't believe in God"; the self-degradations, and the "enchanted companion" Dr. Edith Sitwell was endeared by: such contradictions have no terrors for Mr. Brinnin. Nor is he confined by the narrowness of personal approach because he has the affection and insight particularly necessary to the reckoning of this astonishing character; and to the reckoning of those astonishing powers Mr. Brinnin's critical equipment as university lecturer and practising poet brings sufficient weight. When the definitive work on Dylan Thomas, word-spinner and master of spoken English, comes to be written, its interpretations and assessments must surely be indebted to the suggestibility of John Malcolm Brinnin's precise account of his stewardship.

Rowland into Stanley

Another faithful steward, all the more so because he was handicapped by what we now glibly call an outsize inferiority complex, was Sir H. M. Stanley. The strange and often macabre story of the opening thirty years of his life is told in *I PRESUME* (*Geoffrey Bles*. 18s.) by Ian Anstruther. The period is closed by David Livingstone's death, and the results of Stanley's determination to finish the work of his mentor, exemplar and hero are here consigned to an epilogue. If it is Mr. Anstruther's purpose to write a sequel to those other great African journeys which made Stanley the greatest explorer of his time, and thus redress the balance, the choice of title for this half-biography is even more inept than at first sight it appeared, for the public ridicule of the greeting to Dr. Livingstone tediously persisted throughout Stanley's career. And the seeds of his pompousness and taciturnity, lack of humour and of patience for less dedicated souls, were not sown when—heading a retinue bearing nineteen-and-a-half miles of calico and muslin and a million beads for tribute and barter—

he shook hands with Livingstone at Ujiji; the "disaster" of the author's subtitle began in Wales in illegitimacy and unwantedness, workhouse beatings and revolt, errand-boy poverty in Liverpool and cabin-boy kicks and curses across the Atlantic. All this is related with percipient sympathy, and there is a throat-aching pathos in that earlier turning-point greeting of Stanley's: "Do you want a boy, sir?" to the agent at New Orleans who became his foster-father and, preacher too, baptised him with his own names Henry Morton Stanley. Now he was to learn how to handle men and merchandise, and to see slaughter and disease in the Civil War. It was newspaper acceptance of his reportings that showed him his bent for journalism, that led him to the *New York Herald*, to world wanderings, and to the leadership of the Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition. Difficult he remained—but the Doctor, difficult too, liked and respected him, and a newer generation mercifully fails to see the joke that so convulsed some of the sillier Victorians, and remembers only the dogged faithfulness and courage, the pioneering zeal, of man and explorer. Mr. Anstruther's book, as he hopes, does honour "to a lonely and exceptional young man" whose work in the Congo has assured his fame.

The Capri myth

Gregorio Marañón's "Study in Resentment" is rooted in the even larger inferiority complex of the equally grim, morose and sexually timid TIBERIUS (*Hollis & Carter*. 25s.). But, unlike H. M. Stanley's, it belonged to a patrician ruled by politics and was the more dangerous. Dr. Marañón, Catholic, historian, classical scholar and psychiatrist, and ably translated by Warre Bradley Wells from the Spanish, sifts and analyses in the light of his specialisms, softened by compassion, and produces an emperor whose warping began with babyhood exile, his mother's divorce imposed on his father, and the appearance of her new husband when Tiberius was four. He was to repeat the pattern in his own marriage, with who

can guess what increase of hate and implacable yearning for revenge. The "accent of abnormality to his life" that was the origin of his legend, Dr. Marañón persuasively thinks, was the tragic incarnation of the supernatural uneasiness that hovered over Rome, whose growth was now rotten at the roots. Perhaps the Tiberius who had put to death the priests of Isis a few years before was inattentive to the news from his governor in Judaea that a man who called himself the Son of God had been condemned to die. . . .

Political Italy

Three hundred years later Constantine was laying the foundation of the Basilica of St. Peter and the Council of Nicaea was deciding how the new religion should be defined. Acquiring political power, and putting a higher value on human life, the Christian Church was giving an upward turn to the civilization of the fourth century. It is here where *A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE* (*George Allen & Unwin*. 32s.) begins. By Janet Penrose Trevelyan, it was first published in 1920, a third edition brought the saga up to 1929, and the work fell out of print. The author of *Cavour and Garibaldi*, D. Mack Smith, has revised it and provided the epilogue which deals with the decline and fall of Mussolini and the aftermath of republic and new constitution. G. M. Trevelyan contributes a Foreword to explain with a smile that his wife's is a political and not a social history, and from the barbarian invasions to the middle ages, from the rise of the cities to that of the councils, from sixteenth-century sack of Rome and siege of Florence to the Napoleonic era, from reaction and revolution to a united Italy, the struggles of this most political people are recounted, and with maps and illustrations their partitions traced and statesmen depicted.

The art of letter-writing

Dreaming of a free Italy in 1851 Elizabeth Barrett Browning from her Florence home commenced her poem "Casa Guidi Windows" with the

song of the little child *O bella libertà*. And five years ago on her arrival as a bride, one of the last three letters she sent to Hugh Stuart Boyd before death took him even then contained the sentence: "The new pope is more liberal than popes in general, and people write odes to him in consequence." ELIZABETH BARRETT TO MR. BOYD (*John Murray*, 35s.) contains as well the other 186 letters she wrote to him, a correspondence dating from when she was twenty-one and he over forty arising out of their mutual interest in Greek. A Herefordshire neighbour, he was a dilettante scholar, translator and author, and did not let his blindness hinder his somewhat eccentric pursuit of learning. "The progress of his pupil and her friendship had become the central fact of his existence" says Barbara P. McCarthy, who as editor has written a long and (as we can never hear enough about Elizabeth) absorbing introductory chapter "The Story of the Friendship, 1827-48." How good the progress was may be judged by one of his memoranda: "After finishing *Agamemnon*, she read some passages in Chrysostom, Gregory, and Basil, which altogether was rather more than 1200 lines. She therefore read during her visit somewhat more than 2200 lines"; and on what terms of happy, relaxed companionship they were may be gathered from a characteristic rejoinder of hers: "My dearest friend, I think that we did not live in *clover*, as you say, but in *asphodel*..." The index gives a glimpse of her classical span and of the size of her circle; and this collection is a further startling reminder—as we recollect her innumerable letters to Browning, to Miss Mitford, to R. M. Horne—of the feats of energy encompassed by one frail woman, of her triumphant capture of time in which to perform them, and of the enrichment to her poetry and her life through the disciplined exercise of her mind and heart.

Cerebral valves

Such mental fecundity remains a mystery, but hardly to Aldous Huxley whose companion essay to *The Doors of*

Perception is the result of his "better understanding of the ways in which other minds perceive and feel and think, of the cosmological notions which seem to them self-evident, and of the works of art through which they feel impelled to express themselves." In *HEAVEN AND HELL* (*Chatto & Windus*, 7s. 6d.) he examines further the stimulus of visionary experience mainly by mescaline, the drug-door to revelation. His similes for mental events are drawn from the spheres of geography, zoology and botany, and his parallels are between the landscapes, architecture, and intricate patterns of hypnotic vision and the heavens and fairylands of folklore and religion. Golden ages, gardens of Hesperides and islands of the blest share the praeternatural light, colouring and significance, and man-made devices like the rain of fireworks, or Roman triumphs, or Jacobean masques, or coronations and royal marriages, partake of their "other-worldliness." The book in its fascinating array of knowledge is like a heap of gems sparkling as they slip deliciously through the fingers, falling into ever shifting clusters of light; and, rather than "the otherness of the mind's far continents," one feels irreverently with Miss Marilyn Monroe that "diamonds are a girl's best friend."

GRACE BANYARD

The *Cambridge Historical Journal*, founded in 1922 by members of the history faculty in Cambridge, including J. B. Bury, Harold Temperley and J. H. Clapham, is now appearing twice yearly. The editorial committee, while maintaining its connection with Cambridge, hope to give the *Journal* a wider, national character and have resolved to invite contributions from historians everywhere. In future it will be predominantly, though not exclusively, a journal of modern history, and each issue will include a certain number of reviews of important books on modern history. Historians who wish to submit articles for consideration or to suggest books for review are asked to communicate with the Editor, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

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